

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 973



JULY 21, 1888

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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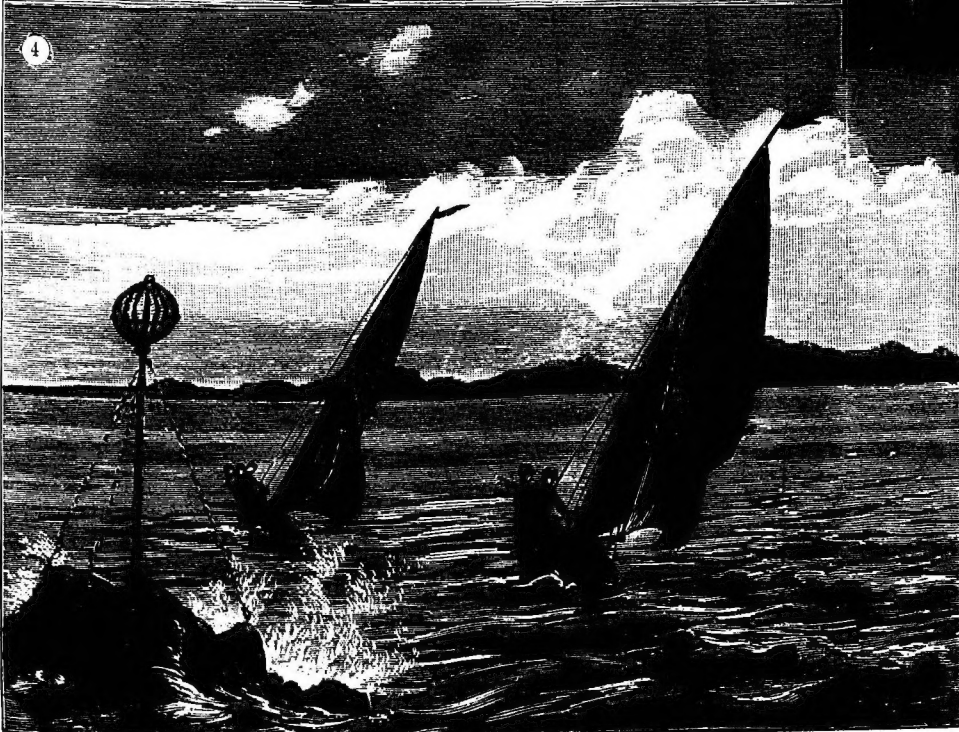
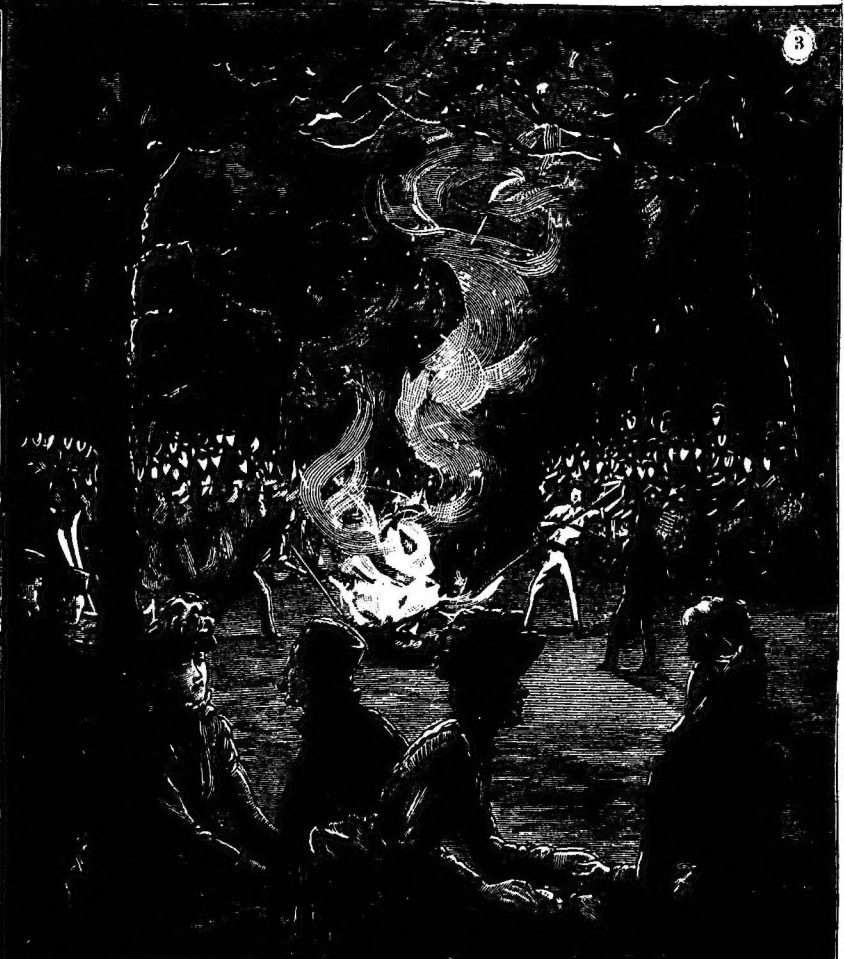
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. Making a "Double Sneezer" at American Bowls

2. Chairing our New Subaltern

3. Camp Fire at the Royal Engineers' Camp

4. A Dinghy Race

5. Leap Year Dances at Camp Prospect—American Lady inviting a British Officer to Dance

MILITARY LIFE IN BERMUDA

Topics of the Week

MR. PARNELL AND THE "TIMES."—The charges made by the *Times*, alleging that the Parliamentary Parnellite party were closely allied with dynamiters and murderers, were formulated more than a year ago, but the Irish Leader took no action beyond uttering an indignant denial of the charges in the House of Commons. For the sake of his own reputation he would probably have done wisely to maintain this attitude of reserve. But his hand was forced by Mr. O'Donnell's libel action, during which, in spite of its restricted scope, the above-named charges were reiterated by the defendants' counsel. It was then felt that Mr. Parnell must do something, if not for his own sake, at all events for the sake of the Gladstonian party, which had associated itself with his cause. Accordingly, he demanded an inquiry by a Committee of the House of Commons. This the Government decisively refused, on the reasonable ground that any decision at which such a body might arrive would be attributed to partisan motives, and would therefore fail to satisfy the public. But in lieu thereof, as Mr. Parnell refused to take action in the Courts of Law, the Government offered him the option of having the matter threshed out by a Commission composed of Judges, who should be empowered to hear sworn evidence. Practically, this amounts to the same thing as an investigation by an ordinary Court of law, only without a jury, and would appear to be as good a method as could be devised for getting at the truth. Yet, strange to say, it does not commend itself to Mr. Parnell's judgment; he haggles over it terribly, and compares himself, though he afterwards disclaimed the simile, to a sheep before a jury of butchers. Even now it is doubtful whether he will accept the proffered Commission unless it is fettered by certain conditions. It is to be hoped, however, that the Government will make no further concessions. It would be a very defective inquiry if the investigation were confined to the documentary evidence—that is, certain incriminating letters—put forward by the *Times*. Even if all those letters were proved to be impudent forgeries, plenty of evidence would still remain. As Mr. Bright pointed out recently, the case of the *Times* does not rest either on letters which may or may not be genuine, or on that journal's own unsupported assertions, but on statements published in such papers as *United Ireland* and Mr. Patrick Ford's *Irish World*. Let any of our readers examine the *Times* pamphlet, "Parnellism and Crime," and they will see how little the letters, concerning which such a pothar has been made, were needed to clinch the fact of the intimate alliance existing between the various divisions of the Irish Nationalist party at home and abroad.

CZAR AND KAISER.—A great many journals, both on the Continent and in England, have been trying to make out that the Imperial meeting will not be followed by consequences of any importance. And it is probably true that there will be no vital change in the policy either of Germany or of Russia. The aims of the latter Power are essentially the same to-day as they were in the time of the last generation, and objects so long and so earnestly kept in view will not, we may be sure, be lightly abandoned. On the other hand, Germany had solid reasons for forming alliances with Austria and Italy, and it would be an act of extraordinary levity on the part of the new Emperor to try, however indirectly, to undo this part of the work accomplished by his grandfather and Prince Bismarck. Germany will certainly be on not less friendly terms with her two allies after the Emperor's visit to St. Petersburg than she was before it. Nevertheless, it is extremely unlikely that a mere wish to be polite induced him, so soon after his accession, to undertake the journey which has given rise to so much speculation. He must have acted under Prince Bismarck's advice, and the Chancellor's counsel, when it relates to important matters, has not often much connection with questions of etiquette. The chances are that the Kaiser has gone to the Czar to see whether something cannot be done to avert the danger of a conflict between Russia and Austria in South-Eastern Europe. In that disturbed region many a hard problem is still unsolved, and the peace of the world cannot be considered safe until at least the more formidable elements of trouble have been removed. If this is the young Emperor's mission, is he likely to succeed in it? The question cannot be definitely answered, but there is at any rate ground for hope that he will not fail. He likes, and is liked by, the Czar, and has the means of persuading Austria to accept reasonable concessions. Prince Ferdinand's position in Bulgaria has become very insecure, and it may be that he will soon receive notice to quit, and that this will be the first step towards some pacific arrangement of which all the Powers will be able to approve.

THE FUTURE WIMBLEDON.—Wherever the next meeting of the National Rifle Association may take place, the shooting will have to be very good indeed to excel that of the present gathering. Wimbledon has, at all events, established, maintained, and steadily advanced a high standard for British marksmanship. This shows itself in all branches of the army, and also among those crack shots who have no military

attachments. It is easy, therefore, to understand and sympathise with the reluctance of the Association to abandon the scene of so many triumphs. But there is no use struggling against the inevitable; Destiny, acting the part of a policeman, says "move on," and the Association had better, therefore, look about diligently for a new home. Is it absolutely certain that Richmond Park is the only suitable site within easy distance of London? We ventured to suggest that pertinent question last week, and, if the Duke of Cambridge is not wrongly informed, the answer is decisive. He avers that there are "dozens of places not far from London" which would meet all possible requirements, and he adds to this the expression of an opinion that they have not been discovered simply because they have not been looked for. The experts of the Association will probably disclaim such want of enterprise, and they may even show that they prosecuted considerable inquiry before pitching upon Richmond Park. But there are two ways of making a search of the sort; the one is with a feeling that disaster will result if the required article be not found; in the other instance, the searcher has in his mind the comforting notion that, even if he fails, the consequences will be very bearable. We make very little doubt that but for the existence of Richmond Park, and the chance of securing such a splendid shooting-ground without payment, the Association would have long ago found some suitable site. That standing temptation has dried up its energies, even as in the West Indies the bountifulness of nature causes Quashee to become a confirmed idler.

END OF THE MATCH GIRLS' STRIKE.—It is not often that one of these disputes is settled so speedily and satisfactorily. Usually, after a long and embittered struggle, the work-people are compelled to yield because, even when assisted by trades' union funds, they cannot afford to stand idle so long as their employers. In the rare cases where they gain the victory, the enhanced rate of remuneration does not make up for many preceding weeks of wagelessness and privation. In the case of these match girls, their sex and their individual helplessness have operated in their favour. It is quite plain that, if outsiders had stood aloof, they would have had no chance against their employers. But then on the other hand, Messrs. Bryant and May assert that, but for these outsiders, in the shape of Socialistic agitators and others, the strike would never have taken place. There must, however, have been real grievances, or the agitators would never have gained such a hold over the girls; and the fact that the firm has made certain liberal concessions, though dictated partly by a desire for peace and quietness, shows that they admit these grievances to have had a genuine foundation. Both employers and the public should lay to heart the lessons of this strike, and try to follow the teaching of the good old maxim, "Live, and let live." It is because buyers insist on getting their purchases at the smallest possible price that sellers are compelled, in order to get a profit, to reduce wages to the lowest obtainable level. Hence the enormities of the sweating system, which, moreover, as far as the would-be economical buyer is concerned, supplies him with bad materials and flimsy workmanship.

DUELLING IN FRANCE.—It is hard to tell whether General Boulanger's prospects will be improved or damaged by his duel with M. Floquet. The mere fact that he had the worst of it in a fight with an elderly civilian is no doubt against him, but, on the other hand, the duel has caused him to be more talked about than ever, and a good deal of sympathy has been excited by the consequences of his wound. Apart from this incident his cause seems to be losing ground; and, upon the whole, it appears probable that it will not be much affected either way by the meeting which had so very unexpected a conclusion. Meanwhile, the affair has made the general question of duelling a common subject of discussion; and in England much surprise has been expressed at the survival of so barbarous a custom in a highly-civilised country like France. If duelling tended to put down the use of violent and unjust language in controversy, it would be possible at least to understand the enthusiasm with which it is advocated by most Frenchmen. We may doubt, however, whether it has any such effect. In this country, where a challenge would be scoffed at as an absurdity, political opponents still vehemently abuse one another, but the general tone of discussion is certainly not worse than it was sixty years ago, when the Duke of Wellington fought Lord Winchelsea. On the contrary except in periods of unusual political excitement, the manners of Englishmen are decidedly milder than they were in "the good old times." It is tolerably certain that if duelling were abandoned in France the results would be essentially the same as they have been here. Politicians, when carried away by passion, would accuse one another of all sorts of offences, just as they do now; but in ordinary circumstances honourable men would feel that false accusations disgrace, not the accused, but the accuser. Many a day, however, will pass before the experiment will be tried by our quarrelsome neighbours. When Monsignor Freppel brought forward his motion the other day for the suppression of duelling, no one listened to him seriously; and the feeling of the Chamber about the matter accurately represented the feeling of the country as a whole.

HEROES IN BLUE.—The perfunctory eulogium passed by Sir Charles Warren on the Metropolitan Police is, on the whole, well deserved. That a force numbering some 14,000 men, drawn from all grades of society, should contain some black sheep, is a matter of course. But the very rarity of cases in which policemen are convicted of bad conduct, or even accused of it, proves to demonstration that the blue-coated army is composed of excellent materials. The public are too ready, perhaps, to believe evil of the force; it is a tradition handed down from the time of the old "Charleys" that the custodian of law and order must either be a knave or a fool. At one time it has been the fashion to cast ridicule upon them; at another to hold them up to opprobrium as tyrants and brutes. Poor John Leech satirised them in the former aspect, and the world laughed with him at the supposed fondness of the British policeman for cooks and their gifts. Now we have passed into the other phase of feeling; the modern constable, we are assured, not only has a giant's strength, but habitually uses it like a giant. That he possesses considerable strength may not be denied, nor that he is apt to be somewhat rough when provoked beyond measure. What of that? Is it really expected of him that under all possible circumstances, he shall display the meekness of the petticoated Armenian or of the mild Hindoo? The man is only mortal, after all, and although rigid discipline, as a rule, keeps his little weaknesses in check, they occasionally get the better of him, and his tormentors suffer. Nor will it be otherwise until Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke invent an automatic policeman, warranted to stand any amount of ill-treatment, and yet capable of maintaining order among the turbulent and the predacious. But even that miracle would not equal his predecessor in other respects. "A policeman may be called upon at any moment to jump into the water, to go into a house on fire, to stop a runaway horse, or to meet the attack of a mad dog." So says Sir Charles Warren, and as our flesh-and-blood heroes in blue do these things, while a patent automaton might fail, the public will not be eager to make a change which would chiefly confer benefit on Mr. William Sikes.

THE COMPANIES' BILL.—To the innocent outsider, the method in which Parliamentary business is conducted is very perplexing. Why should the House of Lords be at the pains to pass the Companies Bill through Committee, when the Government had decided to proceed no further with the measure this Session? Possibly in order that their lordships' instructive observations might produce a better Bill on a future occasion. For upon the present Bill Mr. Chamberlain fell last week with merciless severity. He spoke of it as Dr. Johnson spoke of a celebrated leg of mutton of which it was his misfortune to partake, and which, said the sage, was "ill-bred, ill-fed, ill-drest, and ill-served." In a good Companies Bill, observed Mr. Chamberlain, there should be three principal features. It should check fraud; it should make promoters and directors more responsible than they now are; and it should provide for the honest and economical liquidation of companies that fail. A great outcry has been made by the opponents of the deceased Bill against the danger of tampering with the sacred principle of limited liability. But there is no need to tamper with this principle, although we firmly believe that if the old unlimited rule were still in force, genuine industrial enterprise would not have suffered, and the aggregate losses of the public would have been far less than they have been since 1862. The real question is whether the public, who, it must be freely admitted, are often oversanguine, confiding, and foolish, ought not to be protected against the machinations of those unscrupulous persons who take for their motto the cynical French saying, "Les affaires—l'argent des autres." The company-promoter need not necessarily be a swindler; he is often honest, after a fashion of his own, but he is cheerfully ready to make ducks and drakes of other people's money. The restraints which should be imposed in a good Companies Bill would have no ill effect on *bona fide* industrial enterprises, but they would undoubtedly lessen the number of bogus concerns. When we think of the millions which have been wasted and the misery caused by the abortive joint-stock speculations of the last twenty-five years, we are tempted to think that a Companies Bill could scarcely err on the side of being too stringent.

PAPAL CLAIMS.—The Circular recently addressed by Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, to the Pope's representatives abroad, was intended to raise once more the question of the temporal power of the Papacy; and it is said that the Papal Nuncios are about to make an effort to find out how the matter is regarded by the various Governments with which they are in communication. It is difficult to believe that Pope Leo himself considers the question one of practical politics. In all the important negotiations he has carried on he has displayed so much tact and good sense that he can hardly fail to see how utterly hopeless a task it would be to try to win back the States of the Church. As a matter of fact, the Papacy has possessed much more influence since it ceased to exercise secular functions. It has been able to concentrate its energies on its spiritual duties, and has had none of the worry and anxiety that formerly sprang from the revolutionary agitations of discontented subjects. Italians generally are perfectly satisfied with the existing system, and would fight to the

utmost rather than permit the dismemberment of their country. What Government would ever dream of attempting to force them to yield to the demands of the Papacy? Certainly not the French Government, which misses no opportunity of limiting the authority of the Church. Austria has too many hard tasks of her own in hand to think of undertaking Quixotic enterprises; and Germany would, under all circumstances, sympathise rather with the Italian King than with the Pope. These facts must be well known to His Holiness; and we may safely assume that when he talks about the possible restoration of the temporal power, he simply goes through what he recognises as a useless, but necessary form. It is equally certain that he has no real intention of carrying out his threat of quitting Rome. To abandon Rome would be for the Papacy to sacrifice more than half of its own greatness.

LOCAL BORROWING.—Thanks to Lord Lynton, the Local Government Bill received a very improving touch in Committee. As Clause 66 originally stood, County Councils were to have the power of borrowing for the purpose of lending to inferior local bodies. The only argument in favour of this dangerous system of finance is that it enables the inferior bodies to borrow at a slightly lower rate than if they had to go into the money-market themselves. But is it a good thing, looking at the matter all round, that credit should be artificially enhanced in this surreptitious way? The cheaper the terms on which loans could be obtained, the greater would be the disposition of spendthrift communities to plunge into risky finance. There are some of our greater towns which have gone ahead far too quickly with borrowing, but in their case the security of the rates generally provides a safe margin. But in small centres of population there is often a disposition to place such unbounded faith in a "magnificent future" as renders the citizens willing, for the time being, to mortgage that distant prospect. This process may be seen in full action in some of our colonies, where the result often is to crush down a town or port with a tremendous burden of debt. As Mr. Stansfeld, who came to the assistance of Lord Lynton, remarked, the amendment does not deprive sanitary and local authorities of the power of borrowing. It is necessary that they should possess it within certain limits, and, under certain restrictions, and they do possess it. But to thrust upon the County Councils the position of lenders would have been a new departure which might have produced very serious results. Not a few people predict that the Local Government Bill, by multiplying governing bodies, will also multiply jobbery and corruption. All the more reason, therefore, to be very careful before facilitating borrowing.

CLEVELAND v. HARRISON.—The contest for the American Presidency seems likely to be closer than was expected after the adherents of Mr. Blaine failed to secure his candidature. Personally, General Harrison is not a particularly strong man, but he served with credit in the Great Civil War, and his ancestral claims, even in democratic America, cause him to be regarded with favour. His grandfather was President Harrison of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" memory; and a still more distant ancestor was one of the heroes of the Revolution. On the other hand, Mr. Cleveland has maintained the excellent record which distinguished him when he was first a candidate for the White House, and he possesses the advantage of being in office, which always adds to a man's chances with an American electorate. To European observers, the difference between Democrat and Republican at the present time in the United States is as the distinction between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The two parties are supposed to be divided on the Protection question, but President Cleveland's anti-protective aspirations are of a very subdued character, and it may be noted that in his recent manifesto he did not venture to mention the unpopular word "Free Trade." As for other parties, the only one possessing any strength is that of the Prohibitionists, for the Labour factions are divided among themselves, and their prospects will probably be injured by the alleged dynamite conspiracy at Chicago. As is usual in Presidential contests, the result is known beforehand in the majority of the States; the South will plump solid for Cleveland, as it did four years ago, and New York will almost certainly do likewise. Practically, the interest lies in the decision of Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut, which are at present in a doubtful condition. Their verdicts will probably decide which of the two candidates will attain the 201 votes necessary for success.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND THE POLICE.—The politicians who occasionally get up in Trafalgar Square what they call a conversazione complain loudly of the conduct of the police; and it is probable enough that individual constables sometimes use more harshness than is quite necessary. They have an extremely difficult part to play, and it is not surprising that they do not always maintain absolute self-control. All the evidence, however, goes to show that the police, as a body, act on these occasions with remarkable coolness and discretion. This is proved, indeed, by the fact that there has been no serious disturbance in connection with any so-called conversazione; for, if many members of the force had been guilty of half the offences of which they

are accused, it is certain that there would have been formidable riots. The persons who have come off badly are not the leaders of the crowds who are incited to claim from time to time exclusive possession of Trafalgar Square. The more prominent agitators contrive somehow to do their work without much danger to themselves. There is not the faintest excuse for the course they are pursuing. The legality of Sir Charles Warren's measures has been placed beyond doubt; and, even if this were not the case, the question could not be tested by irregular "gatherings" in the Square. Professor Stuart has prepared a Bill on the subject, but it may be hoped that his proposals will meet with little favour. Streets and squares are made for the convenience of the public generally, not for that of particular classes who may want to "demonstrate" about real or imaginary grievances.

FEMININE CRICKET.—Society has been set laughing by the accounts of two recent cricket matches, in which teams of actresses were opposed to masculine elevens. No doubt the games were vastly amusing; the gentlemen did not, probably, display an amount of skill which would have won applause at Lord's, while it can be readily conceived that the skill of the histrionic nymphs required "finish," as Lord Beaconsfield said of Lord Salisbury's invective. When dressed in feminine array, woman cannot be a cricketer; the great Grace herself would make a terribly poor show if handicapped by high-heeled boots, petticoats, and corset. If, therefore, lovely woman insists on becoming an adept at this manly game, she must discard her proper costume, and— But it is too awful to think of the belle of the season stuck all over with huge paddings like poultices, with her dainty hands encased in monstrous gloves, and her little feet shod with spiked shoes. Yet matters must come to that pass if the weaker sex is to meet the stronger on equal terms in the cricket field. The dramatic beauties did not, it is true, make any attempt of that sort; frankly acknowledging their inferiority at the game, they handicapped their opponents by compelling them to play with only one hand, and to use broomsticks instead of bats. But feminine cricket is not always of this openly farcical character. There are girls' schools of considerable pretensions, in the suburbs of London, whose senior pupils are as assiduous at cricket as Eton or Harrow boys. They practise diligently; they know the science of the game; they also know its slang; all they require is physical strength and suitable clothes. The former they can never obtain to the necessary degree; the latter are, no doubt, within their reach. But would the game be worth the candle? That seems worth considering. The physical education of women has made giant strides within recent years, and a very good thing, too. But let lawn-tennis and the gymnasium satisfy their cravings for muscularity; cricket and football must always lie outside the province of feminine pastimes.

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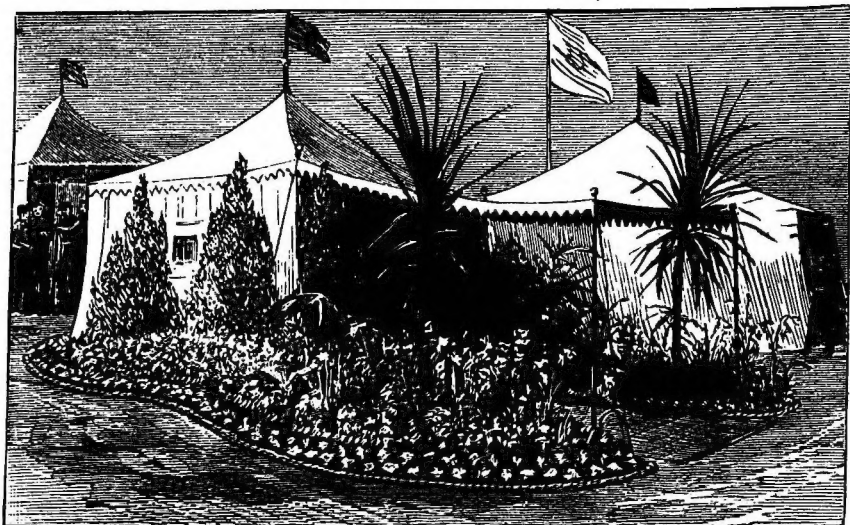
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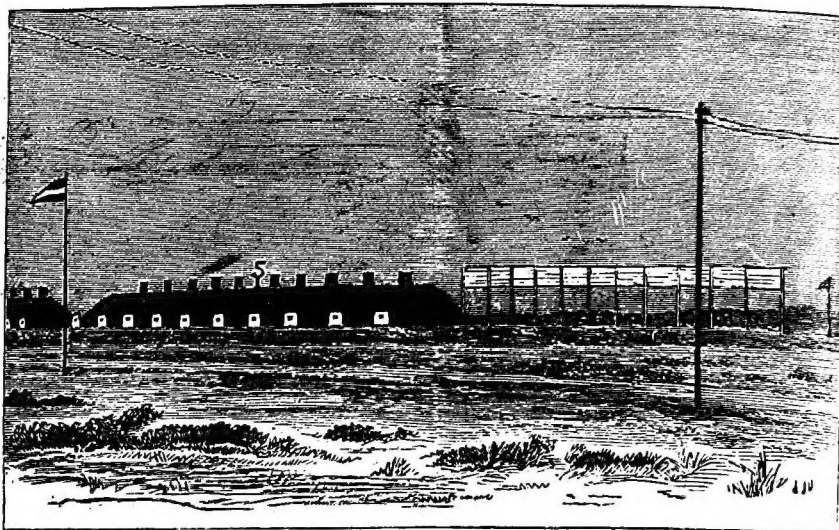
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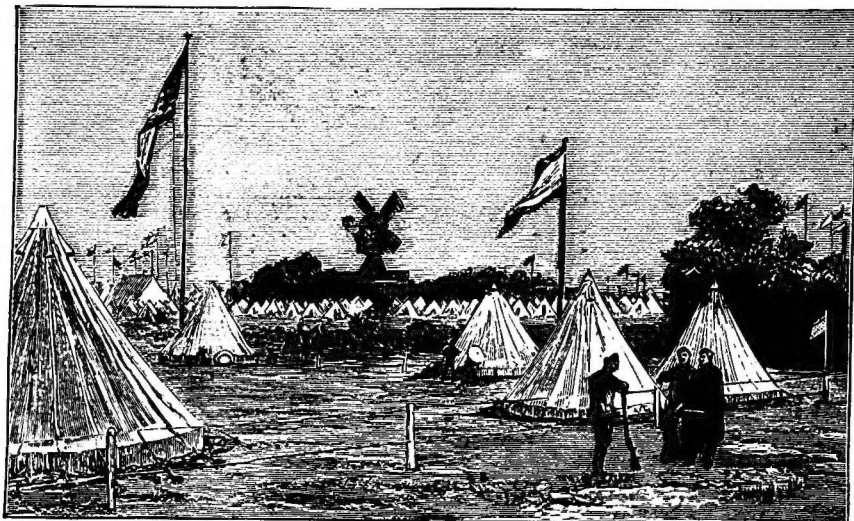
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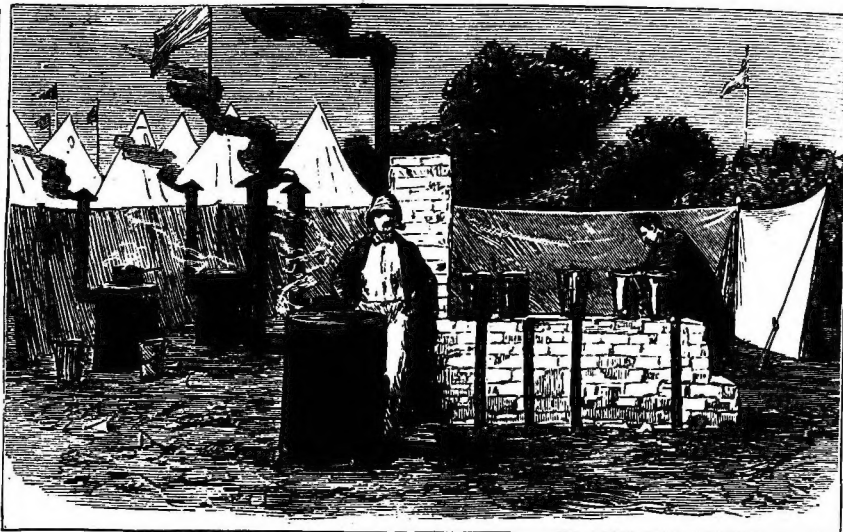
"C'EST MAGNIFIQUE! MAIS CE N'EST PAS LA GUERRE!"



THE SCREEN



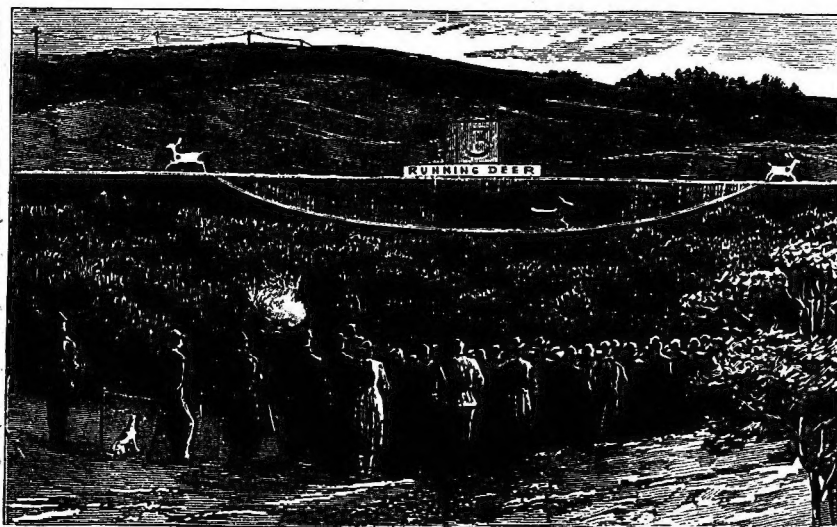
THE LAST MUSTER ROUND THE WINDMILL



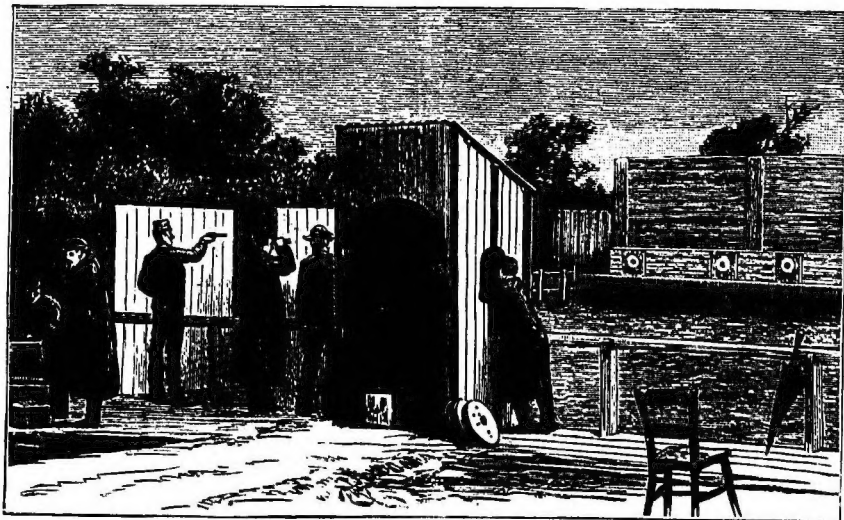
THE CUISINE



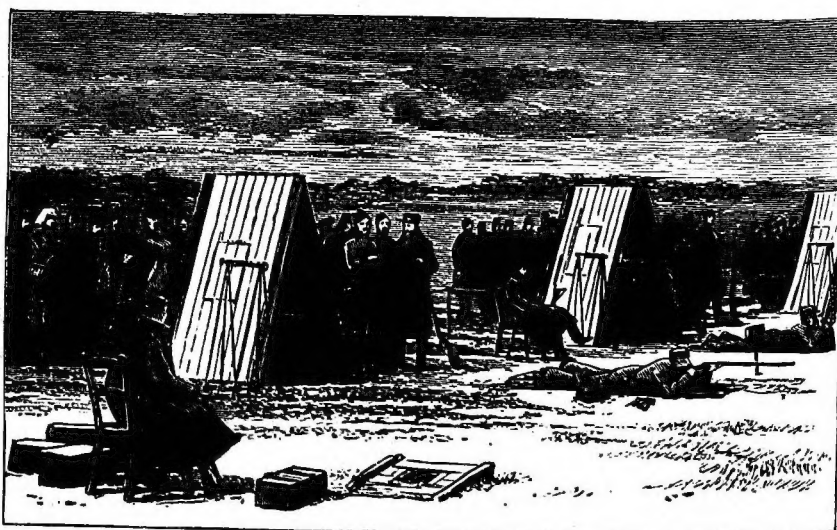
THE FIRST WEEK



THE RUNNING DEER

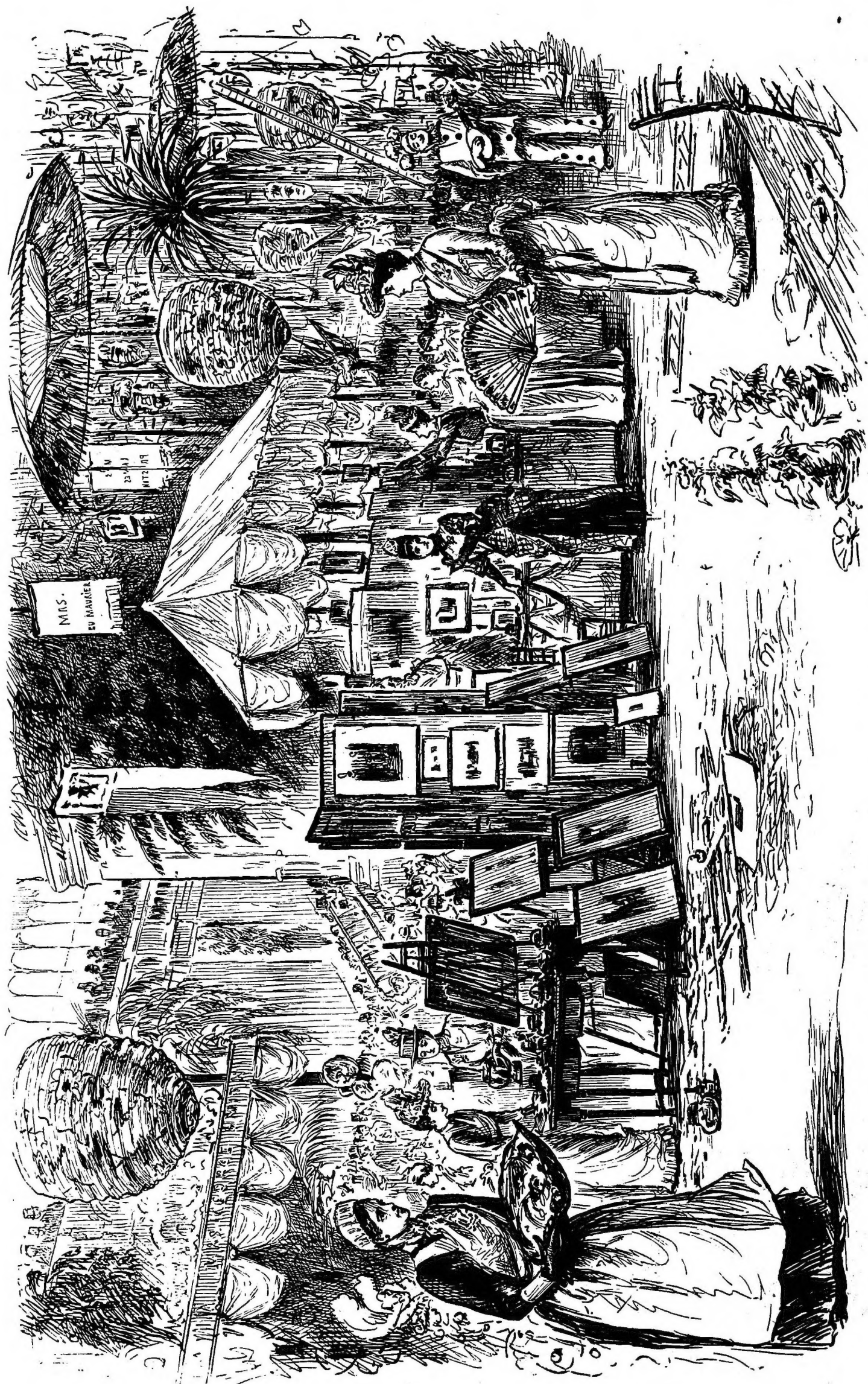


REVOLVER COMPETITION



"POOL"

THE LAST MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION AT WIMBLEDON



THE "SILVER FETE" AT THE ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION IN AID OF THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN
PREPARING THE ARTISTS' STALL—DRAWN BY G. DU MAURIER



MILITARY LIFE IN BERMUDA

"BERMUDA," says Captain Martin, R.E., to whom we are indebted for these sketches, "is generally considered, and rightly so, one of the dullest stations to which it is the soldier's lot to be sent, in that respect rivalling St. Helena and Aden. It is a coaling station and small Robinson Crusoe island, where soldiering is almost in abeyance, and which exists only for the Royal Navy and the Royal Engineers to play with. Of sport proper there is none, but the yacht and dinghy sailing is, of its kind, good. During the winter, the place is enlivened by invalid Americans, who are much more cheerful hypochondriacs than the Bermudian colonists. The abolition of slavery has ruined the prosperity of the island, and demoralised the negroes; the lighting of the coast has ruined the wreckers, who once did a flourishing trade in murder and pillage, and who still bitterly lament the advance of science; while the last spark of commercial activity disappeared at the close of the American Civil War, and the consequent collapse of blockade-running.

NOTES FROM WIMBLEDON

It is sad to think that shortly after these lines appear in print the restaurants and pavilions, the tents of the various clubs, and the block of buildings containing the offices of the Association, will vanish from Wimbledon for ever, and Lady Wantage will cease to exercise hospitality in the celebrated Cottage. The present Wimbledon Meeting will necessarily be noteworthy because it is the last, it will also be remembered for the inclemency of its weather, and for the excellence of its shooting. This year there was a sad falling off in the number of colonial visitors, Canada, with a score of competitors, being the only Colony represented, but then it would be unfair to compare this with the Jubilee Year, when English-speaking men in distant lands were naturally prone to take holiday. A valuable competition, which was shot for the first time last year, was a match at long ranges between teams of Regular and Auxiliary officers. It was repeated this year, and, besides the merit that its rewards are only pewter tankards, it should do much to stimulate a healthy rivalry in marksmanship between Regulars and Volunteers. Some changes this year have been made in the Revolver Competition. Competitors are now permitted to use a smaller bore pistol, the time allowed for firing a shot has been reduced from five seconds to four, and the Martin-Smith targets have replaced the crudely-divided figure-targets of last year. The Americans, however, who are proficient in revolver-shooting, subdivide their targets even more delicately, allowing nine concentric circles. When the new magazine rifle replaces the Martini-Henry some remarkable scores may be expected, for although some exaggerated stories of the accuracy of the new arm have been circulated, Sir Henry Halford declares that its figure of merit is in advance of the best match rifles ever made. Reference was made just now to the weather. The meteorological conditions on Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th and 12th inst., were most unfavourable, a pitiless north-west wind blew, a chilling rain fell, and the temperature descended to 41 degrees. Accordingly the Council wisely issued an order permitting competitors in uniform to appear at the firing-points in any species of overcoat or mackintosh that would best protect them from the weather. A huge screen which had been erected in the direction of Coombe Park attracted a good deal of curiosity, waggish marksmen surmising that it was erected as a protection against the prevalent wind. In reality, it was intended to catch any stray bullets that might pass above the butts, and make their way over towards the Duke of Cambridge's preserves. It is satisfactory to learn that the record proved a blank. In connection with this subject it may be remarked in conclusion that at the mass meeting of the volunteers in camp, held under the presidency of Lord Wantage, it was unanimously resolved to petition the Commissioner of Works to allow the rifle meeting to be for the future in Richmond Park.

Our artist describes some of his illustrations as follows:—
"The Last Muster Round the Windmill."—This mill is a great landmark in the Camp, and stands in a very central position. A sketch of the Camp on the occasion of its last pitch round the mill may therefore be of interest.

"Revolver Competition."—This shows the arrangements provided for this competition. Some of the targets are kept moving from right to left and from left to right, the others are raised and lowered at some few seconds' interval, while the competitor is shooting; so practically the mark is a moving, and not a stationary, one.

"Cuisine" is a sketch of a camp-kitchen, with cooks and cooking utensils, &c. It was a very dirty, untidy business this year, when everything was soaking wet and swampy.

"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre," shows the picnic style of camping at Wimbledon which used to be so prevalent, and which has been so condemned as out of place in a military camp, which is what the Association aims at. This was probably the most marked example of the drawing-room camper-out's tent on the ground this year.

The "Running Deer" range is one of the most popular with visitors, offering, as it does, more variety and interest for the outsider than a row of stationary targets. The white deer at either end are fixtures, and are simply diagrams for the marker to indicate the hit the moving deer has received on its arrival at his end of the run. The deer is then turned round, and travels back to the opposite end, being shot at on the way. The other marker then records the hit (or miss) at his end.

"Pool" is a favourite shoot with many men, and also offers an excellent opportunity for practice. A competitor (who has been waiting his turn in the squad drawn up for one of the targets) has to pay so much a shot (generally a shilling), and on the conclusion of the shoot the money paid in is divided by the number in aggregate of bull's-eyes made—say it comes to five shillings a bull. Then if he has made any bull's-eyes in his turn at the target he takes five shillings for each one made. It is a very popular shoot, and some good shots make a good thing of it.

THE SILVER FÊTE AND MR. C. T. RITCHIE

See page 61.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

THERE can be no doubt that the fleet now assembled at Spithead and Portland is the most formidable which the country has ever assembled at a time of peace as a demonstration of her naval resources in a time of war. It is true that the Jubilee Fleet last year numbered one hundred and nine pennants, against this year's seventy, but then last year's show contained a number of comparatively old-fashioned and some obsolete vessels. The bulk of the ships, drawn, as they are, from the Channel, Training, and Reserve squadrons, are necessarily the same in both demonstrations, but the battle-ships and cruisers, which have been specially commissioned for the manœuvres, and which took no part in the Jubilee Review,

give noticeable superiority to the present gathering. These are the *Benbow*, *Rodney*, *Hero*, *Warspite*, *Northampton*, *Iris*, and *Severn*. These battle-ships are superior to those they replace in number, thickness of armour, power of armament, and speed under steam. Moreover, the present assemblage comprises examples of all natures of guns in the service from the 110-tonners to the smallest machine-guns. On the present occasion the river and coast defence gun-boats, which swelled the proportions of the Jubilee exhibition, have been replaced by a squadron of modern, quick, and powerfully-armed mosquitoes, such as the *Thames*, *Spider*, *Sandfly*, *Ragoon*, *Cossack*, *Grasshopper*, and *Tartar*.

REPRODUCTION OF THE BASTILLE

THE Bastille as it was when taken by the Paris mob on the 14th July, 1789, has been restored by the well-known architect, M. Colibert. This curious bit of old Paris is situated at the corner of the Avenue Suffren, and La Motte Piquet, close to the Exhibition Buildings, of which it forms a part. The prison has been copied with perfect exactitude, and appears, dark and gloomy, at the end of the picturesque Rue St. Antoine of a hundred years ago, which has also been faithfully reconstructed. The houses, shops, hostels, dairy yards, &c., are most characteristic, being very different to the houses occupying the ground which they once covered. This retrospective Exhibition was visited, on May 9th, by M. Floquet and other Ministers, and while they were at lunch in the prison yard the cannon on the ramparts announced that a prisoner had escaped. M. Delabarre, who acted the part by coming down a rope from the top of the prison wall, in all twenty-two metres high, was captured by one of the soldiers of the Guard as soon as he touched the ground. The shops were occupied by people dressed in the costume of the period, and the military band of the Guards marched up and down the streets playing old airs. In the pretty little pastry-cook's shop with the sign "*à la Pomponette*," Mdlle. Debray, of the Palais Royal Theatre, was selling cakes. Jugglers and wandering minstrels of the Louis XVI. period were also visible in the streets. In the Bastille itself prisoners were dimly to be seen in their dark cells, while in a church in the restored Rue St. Antoine there was a museum of Bastille *souvenirs*, such as the keys of the fortress, books, jewels, *lettres de cachet*, autographs of Louis XVI., Latude, and De Launay, and the large strong box, studded with nails, which formerly stood in the Governor's room. On Sundays the Parisians spend a part of their afternoons wandering round the shops, and drinking their "bocks" before the door of the old tavern.

GREAT NORTHERN CENTRAL HOSPITAL

THE Prince and Princess of Wales opened on Tuesday, the 17th instant, the first portion of the new buildings of the Great Northern Central Hospital. The new hospital is situated in a densely populated district, which up to the present time has been practically destitute of hospital accommodation. It is intended, when completed, to furnish beds for 150 in-patients. The portion now opened consists of three wards, each of which has twenty beds, a complete out-patient department, an operation room, and a mortuary, with kitchen accommodation. Each ward is about 90 feet long by 30 feet wide, and 13½ feet high, and contains a cubic space of nearly 35,000 feet, or about 1,750 feet for each patient. The building is situated at a very high altitude, near the Highgate Archway. It is three stories high, and is surmounted by a flat roof, which is utilised as a promenade for patients, and from which may be obtained splendid views of the greater part of London. The ventilation is principally that known as "natural ventilation." The wards are warmed by Boyd's hygienic grates. The bath-rooms, lavatories, and closets are placed in a projecting portion of the building, connected with the wards by roofed bridges, provided with cross-ventilation. The floors throughout are fire-proof, and are laid with oak blocks, wax-polished. The out-patient department, is in a separate building, and consists of a central waiting-room around which are grouped the consulting rooms of physicians, surgeons, and specialists. The cost of the building and furniture, when finished, will be about 50,000*l.* The portion already completed has involved the expenditure of about 25,000*l.* The cost per bed is about 260*l.* The average cost per bed of five large hospitals built within the last twenty years in this country is over 400*l.* The architects are Messrs. Keith, Young, and Hall, of Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, and the builders, Messrs. Brass and Son, of Old Street, St. Luke's. As regards the ceremony itself, Merrie Islington was thoroughly *en fête* on Tuesday, and the rain kindly held off till the proceedings were nearly over. The principal thoroughfares through which the Prince and Princess were to pass were lavishly decorated; the Holloway Road, in particular, was nearly from end to end adorned with a profusion of flags, banners, and Venetian masts; while a goodly per centage of the 320,000 denizens of Islington parish (the most populous parish in the United Kingdom) filled the streets. Some of the inscriptions were rather quaint, such as "Good Old Prince," and "Come again, Prince, and bring the Mater with you." On arrival, the Royal party were conducted to a gaily-decorated pavilion, in which some two thousand guests had assembled. Mr. Dewey, the Vestry Clerk, read an instructive address, and the Prince made a capital reply, in which he took occasion to thank his fellow-countrymen for their sympathy with his sister, the Empress, in her great sorrows. Purses containing upwards of 1,000*l.* were then presented, and the Prince and Princess visited the new Hospital, afterwards driving homewards, escorted by detachments of the Hon. Artillery Company and the 21st Middlesex Rifles.

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

See pp. 65 *et seqq.*

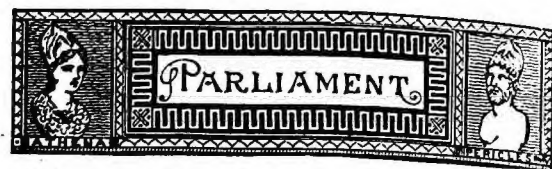
"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 69.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, IX.

OUR examples this week are nearly all of portraiture. Mr. Calderon's "Effie" is a very bright and attractive creation; while Mr. Wells has rarely done anything better than the portrait of Mrs. Arthur Street, the architect's daughter-in-law. Cardinal Manning is a favourite subject with our leading painters, and here Mr. Oulless depicts him in life-like fashion, his pinched and ascetic features contrasting with the whites and reds of his ecclesiastical garb. The Rao of Cutch, painted by Mr. Sydney Hall, was one of the numerous Indian potentates who crossed the "black water" to do honour to the Empress-Queen at the time of the Jubilee. In "Under the Seawall," Mr. Poynter introduces us to a young lady of Oriental aspect, who is dreamily dallying with a pomegranate; and Mr. Onslow Ford sends the sculptured head of his mother, evidently a lady of strong character. We repeat the engraving of Mr. A. Dampier May's "Child Playing the Violin," as last week it was accidentally confused with a portrait, by Mr. Phil Morris, of "May, Daughter of Colonel E. R. Berry."

THE BERLIN ACADEMY OF ARTS has opened its summer Exhibition. Though the works are as numerous as usual, their quality is not so good, for many of the chief German artists have sent their best pictures to the Munich collection. Few foreigners exhibit this year.



ON Thursday the Local Government Bill finally passed through Committee, and now stands for the Report Stage. This happy and unexpected event was made possible by the extraordinary progress effected on Tuesday night. When on Monday, the Committee resumed consideration of the Brobdingnagian measure it took up Clause 63, as nearly as possible midway through the Bill as far as Clauses are counted. It had taken it some weeks to reach that stage. *Ceteris paribus* it would be far into August before the final Clause was reached. But things are never equal in the course of proceedings in that marvellous place the House of Commons. What may happen one day or one week is no guide (except possibly by the rule of contraries) to what may happen to-morrow or next week. On Monday night, for example, four hours were occupied with debate on an amendment by no means of first-class importance, whilst on Tuesday night within the space of eight hours nearly sixty Clauses were dealt with.

Just before Mr. Courtney took the Chair on Tuesday Mr. Smith had talked of the probability of concluding Committee on Wednesday, and had made contingent proposals for business on Thursday. But every one knows that among the gentle qualities of the First Lord of the Treasury a sanguine temperament largely figures. The House smiled incredulously whilst Mr. Smith, with evident timidity, advanced his suggestion. But, as the Committee gently jugged along, passing Clause after Clause with remarkable celerity, members began to think that, after all, Mr. Smith's expectation might turn out accurate, and that with good luck and a continuance of the forbearance and good will shown by the Opposition, the Bill might be through Committee on Wednesday. At eleven o'clock Clause 100 was passed. There yet remained twenty-five Clauses, and one hour's time. Excitement deepened, and it was evident that along the Treasury Bench, where Mr. Smith sat nervous, Mr. Ritchie in a state of subdued excitement, and Mr. Balfour perilously smiling, the conviction was growing that before midnight struck the Clauses of the Bill as they stood would be passed. Mr. Balfour's demonstration of undisguised pleasure was a dangerous feature in the situation. The Irish members had conspicuously refrained from interference during the long progress of the Committee stage. For old stagers like Mr. Biggar, Mr. Harrington, or Mr. T. P. O'Connor, it would be the easiest thing in the world to interpose at this late hour, and prevent further progress with the Bill, which must needs be shunted at twelve o'clock. If they only caught sight of Mr. Balfour's pleased countenance at the prospect of getting the Bill through, the temptation would surely prove irresistible. They would dash in, and spoil everything.

Happily the benches where the Irish members sit were empty, and Mr. Balfour beamed with delight, and even "chortled in his joy," without imperilling the Bill. At a quarter to twelve Clause 120 was reached. Still five Clauses, and practically illimitable opportunities for discussion. Mr. Courtney plodded steadily along, showing no trace of having been in the Chair for the almost uninterrupted space of eight hours. At ten minutes to twelve, amid a thrill of excitement, Clause 125 was announced, when, of all men in the world Mr. Woodall interposed, and smilingly talked about opposition. But Mr. Ritchie knew the genial member for Hanley too well to apprehend disaster. He smiled back upon him, made hasty reply to his objection, for time was growing perilously short, and resumed his seat.

Then Mr. Conybeare rose, and a groan of despair was wrung from the anxious Committee. The action was precisely one suited to the peculiar genius of the Member for Camborne. Probably never since he entered the House had he had such an opportunity of making himself disagreeable as now presented itself. If he could only, on the 125th, and last Clause, of the Local Government Bill just prevent the work from being completed, carrying this last Clause over to the next day, life would not have been lived in vain. Mr. Conybeare's interposition was, however, received with such strong disapproval on the Liberal benches—Mr. Woodall publicly dissociating himself from the Member for Camborne—that even he stood appalled at his position, and amid a loud cheer, in which Liberals and Conservatives joined, the original Clauses were agreed to. What was left for Wednesday's sitting were the new Clauses and the Schedules. This was too much for Wednesday's sitting, but Thursday saw the Committee stage disposed of, and another cheer welcomed the accomplishment of a work which has established the reputation of the still callow Minister who has had the Local Government Bill in charge.

Flitting through the business-like proceedings of the week has been the form of Mr. Parnell, blazing with wrath. When, last Friday week, Mr. Parnell rose from his place in the House of Commons to give a flat denial to the charges brought against him in the Court of Queen's Bench, it was noted that he was the person in the assembly the least outwardly moved by the occasion. But this placidity of manner, real or assumed, had disappeared by Monday. In accordance with a promise, Mr. Smith had placed upon the notice-paper a motion for leave to bring in a Bill to create a special Commission of Judges to inquire into the allegations against Mr. Parnell and others brought by the *Times*. It was an unfortunate, certainly an unusual, procedure that a notice of motion of this peculiar kind should have been placed on the paper in the position it occupied. It came on in the tail of the Orders of the Day, sixty-eight in number, and fifth in a list of notices of motion. The practical effect of this was to relegate it to a period after twelve o'clock, when any member, by simply ejaculating "I object," could prevent the matter being considered, and block the initial stage of the Bill. It seemed almost an invitation to obstruction, and suggested to suspicious minds that the Government, having made a decent show of readiness to bring in the Bill, would be very glad if some one would help them to postpone its consideration.

That was the view Mr. Parnell took as, blazing with wrath, and almost inarticulate with indignation, he rose at question-time to ask Mr. Smith "What this meant?" The First Lord of the Treasury did not improve matters by his amazing remark that he was not prepared or desirous to furnish any facilities for discussing the Bill, it being, as the wondering House remembered, a measure of first importance upon which the interest and attention of the House and the country were centred. Thus matters remained till after midnight, when, in a House crowded in every part, Mr. Smith, by a nod to the Speaker, moved for leave to introduce the Bill. This was fresh evidence to Mr. Parnell, who, still seething with wrath, denounced it as a monstrous proposition that he should be asked to accept or decline a Bill not only before it was printed, but before it was explained.

With a momentary exception, the Conservatives listened in silence to the angry speech with which Mr. Parnell varied his habitual taciturnity. There was some laughter and ironical cheering when he thundered forth his determination to hold Mr. Smith to his pledge to have a thorough investigation. "I will," he shouted, "give the right hon. gentleman no chance of creeping out of his undertaking." The mocking laughter from the Conservatives was answered with boisterous cheering from the Irish members, amid which Dr. Tanner's favourite reference to "a lot of cads" sounded clear and shrill. Hereupon Lord Carmarthen rose

with evident intention to call the Speaker's attention to this unparliamentary language. But the rising hope of the Brixton Tories was greeted with such an awesome outburst of yells from hon. gentlemen opposite that, after a brief period of hesitation, he resumed his seat.

Leave was given to bring in the Bill, and the second reading is put down for Monday. It is understood that Mr. Smith, on further reflection, has abandoned the idea that the measure can hang about the Orders indefinitely, and that arrangements will be made for taking the debate, as usual in similar circumstances, at a fixed hour on the night for which it is put down.



POLITICAL AND MINISTERIAL.—Not only garden-parties but "At Homes" are being utilised for displays of political oratory. At one of these given on Wednesday by Lady Lawson, after a dinner-party at which several Northumberland and Cumberland M.P.'s were entertained by Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Gladstone made a long speech. He complimented Mr. Ritchie, and spoke favourably of the Local Government Bill as an outline which, when in power again, the Liberals would fill up. He entered into arithmetical calculations to prove that the Opposition had made such progress in the country as had never been known before within the two years following a General Election. He condemned the appointment of a Special Commission to investigate "Parnellism and Crime," and would have preferred an inquiry by a Select Committee. The question of the retention of the Irish members in the House of Commons he would leave to be decided by the opinion of the country, and he introduced into his usual censure of the administration of the law in Ireland a reference to the case of Mr. Mandeville, which he pronounced "revolting."—Publicity has been given to an edifying correspondence of some years ago between the plaintiff in the recent action against the *Times*, Mr. Frank O'Donnell, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone. One passage in a letter from the latter is specially noticeable. It was written a few weeks after the Phoenix Park murders, and the consequent introduction by Mr. Gladstone's Government of a stringent Coercion Bill. Endeavouring to mitigate Mr. O'Donnell's hostility to the policy of his father's Administration, Mr. Herbert Gladstone wrote: "Do you not see any necessity for putting an end to boycotting, a system which bids fair to become a social curse in Ireland, and which, as you must know well, was largely used, especially in the small towns, for purely selfish and personal, as distinguished from Land League, objects?" The system so accurately described by the son is now defended by the father as at the worst a mere form of "exclusive dealing," a resort to which is forced on the Irish by the wickedness of a "Tory" Government.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received several deputations to ask for concessions to the owners of vans and horses in the imposition of his proposed taxes. On Tuesday a deputation from the Central Chamber of Agriculture protested against those concessions, and requested him to press his measure forward in the interests of the agricultural community. Mr. Goschen said the question was whether a small class of the community by agitation and demonstrations, in many instances ridiculous, was to frustrate an equitable plan. He regretted that he had had to make concessions, but he knew that without some concessions there was little chance of passing the measure, the second reading of which was postponed until the passing of the Local Government Bill, and till the authorities were constituted under whom the tax was to be placed.

IRELAND.—In a very emphatic letter to the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland, which was read in the Dublin chapels on Sunday, the Pope denounces those who have represented as not binding on the faithful the recent Rescript against Boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, or have endeavoured to explain it away.—At the inquest held at Mitchelstown on the death of the late Mr. John Mandeville, evidence was given on Tuesday by his widow and by his fellow-prisoner at Tullamore, Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., in support of the allegation that his death was hastened by the treatment which he received in gaol. Similar evidence was given on Wednesday by Dr. Moorhouse, who visited him in prison medically, but who acknowledged that if Mr. Mandeville had not transgressed the rules he would not have received the treatment complained of. The inquiry was proceeding when we went to press.—The evictions on the Vandeleur estates began on Wednesday. Only those tenants who are known to be able to pay are to be evicted. A considerable body of military and police were present. Only in one case was much resistance offered, boiling water being thrown on the Emergency men who, to effect an entrance, had to use a battering ram. The occupants were then arrested, the males being retained in custody.

THE VOLUNTEERS.—After a keen and exciting struggle, the great event of the Wimbledon meeting, the competition for the Queen's Prize (250*l.*, with Gold Medal and Gold Badge) closed on Tuesday with the victory of Private Fulton, of the 13th Middlesex (Queen's Westminsters), the first member of his battalion who has ever won the Queen's Prize. He is a wood-engraver of Battersea. In the same competition the Silver Medal was won by Corporal Noakes, 1st Berks; and the Bronze Medal by Lieutenant Barrett, 5th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The Badge and 100*l.* in the competition for the Prince of Wales's Prize was won by Colour-Sergeant Smith, of the 3rd West Surrey. The National Challenge Trophy was carried off by Scotland, with a score of 610, followed by Wales with 606, England 600, and Ireland 587. Only two representatives of the Upper House, Earls Waldegrave and Brownlow, and two of the Lower, Mr. Majoribanks and Mr. Winn, could be found to take part in the match between the Lords and Commons, the Commons winning easily. In the competition for the Kolapore Cup, the Mother country won, scoring 687 points to the 674 of Canada, the 655 of Jersey, and the 609 of Guernsey. The Chancellor's Plate, competed for by eight efficient volunteers selected from Oxford and Cambridge Universities, was won by Cambridge.—The Duke of Cambridge, speaking at a banquet at Richmond to Sir J. Whitaker Ellis, M.P., referred to the removal of the Volunteers from Wimbledon, and denied that it was connected with any wish of his to make money. His one wish was that his neighbours should not be placed in danger of their lives, or even inconvenienced. For the same reason he thought the proposal to take the Volunteers to Richmond absolutely ridiculous. He was convinced that there were dozens of places near London which would meet the requirements of the Volunteers, and he was also convinced that nobody had ever gone to look for them.—A deputation from Richmond and neighbouring parishes to state the obvious and familiar objections to the use of Richmond Park for the annual meeting of the Volunteers was received on Tuesday by the Chief Commissioner of Works. In reply, Mr. Plunket said that a map indicating the modified proposals of the National Rifle Association would be so placed in the House of Commons that it could be studied by all interested in the subject.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Subject to the formality of approval by the Queen, the Principal Librarianship of the British Museum has been conferred by the Trustees on Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, Keeper of the Manuscripts. Thus for a second time in succession the Keeper of that department has been appointed chief

administrator of the Museum, Mr. Bond, the retiring Principal Librarian, having been previously Keeper of the Manuscripts.—Partly as a result of the mediation of the London Trades Council, the strike of the match-girls at Messrs. Bryant and May's has terminated in the grant of concessions by the firm which Mrs. Besant, a very active promoter of the strike, admitted to have far exceeded her expectations.—The police were on Saturday compelled to act with vigour in the dispersion of a disorderly crowd which collected in Trafalgar Square, encouraged by the presence and sympathy of Mr. Saunders, Mr. Cunningham Graham, M.P., &c. Several arrests were again made.—On Sunday two or three thousand London Irish and others marched in procession to Hyde Park, and adopted resolutions denouncing the Government for the imprisonment of Mr. Dillon, and in very strong language charging Mr. Balfour with having caused the death of the late Mr. Mandeville.—The Exhibition of the Armada and Elizabethan relics at Plymouth, was opened by the Mayor on Wednesday.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-second year, of the Lady Laura Grattan, widow of the Right Hon. James Grattan, M.P. (who died in 1854), and sister of the late Earl of Dysart; in her seventy-ninth year, of the Dowager Lady Sudeley; of Lady Rivers Wilson; in his eighty-ninth year, of Sir Charles D. O. J. Norreys, Bart.; and in his eightieth year, of Sir Edward A. John Harris, brother of the Earl of Malmesbury, who filled various Consular and diplomatic posts.



THE production of *Conscience*, a new play by Mr. Edward Litton, at the VAUDEVILLE on Monday afternoon, did not unfortunately "bathe the drooping spirits in delight," or even afford moderate satisfaction to the assembled audience. Based on a rather painful domestic story, and furnished with dialogue not always in the best taste, the piece dragged its slow length along through four acts. In spite of the efforts of Mr. Cautley, Mr. Cooper Cliffe, Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. Frank Crellin, and other capable performers, it was only enlivened here and there by one of those unintentional *mal apropos* utterances which, by some untoward fate, rarely fail to be heard on the stage when things are going wrong. One of these unlucky lines, "What on earth does it all mean?" served inevitably as a sort of challenge to the audience to express an opinion; and it met with a prompt response. Experimental *matinées* have their uses; but they must fall into contempt and neglect if some effort is not made to raise their present average quality.

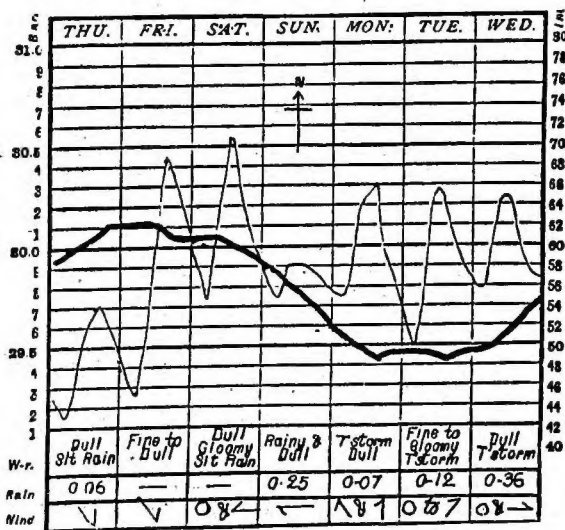
The season at the HAYMARKET has closed with a speech from Mr. Beerbohm Tree announcing the re-opening of this house on the 1st of September, with Mr. Haddon Chambers' *Captain Swift*, a new drama, which it will be remembered was brought out at a *matinée* at this house some weeks ago. Mr. Wilson Barrett has also taken farewell of London audiences, promising to return at Christmas, with a new play. Meanwhile the PRINCESS'S returns to its former rather desultory policy with a revival of *Shadows of a Great City*, which is to be succeeded by another American drama, called *The Still Alarm*, on the 30th of this month.

Further tokens of the end of the dramatic season are furnished by Mrs. Bernard Beere's farewell performance at the OPERA COMIQUE, and the final close of the Hare and Kendal season at the ST. JAMES'S, both of which events take place this (Saturday) evening. The production of Messrs. Pettitt and Grundy's new nautical drama, *The Union Jack*, at the ADELPHI, of which we shall have occasion to speak next week, serves, on the other hand, to remind us that there are still houses which take little heed of the dramatic calendar, and are not to be daunted by the unpropitious influence of mid-July.

Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Edith Woodworth will give a *matinée* on the 26th inst., at the GLOBE, when *Frou-Frou* will be performed. The proceeds will be, as last year, devoted to a fund for giving a number of poor children a day in the country.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (18th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this week has again been wet, cool, and unseasonable generally. During the early part of the time pressure was lowest to the Eastward, and highest to the Westward, of our Islands, the intervening gradients being moderately steep for cold North-Westerly winds at first, with a temporary clearance of the sky, and an increase of temperature in several places later on. After Saturday (14th inst.) the weather over our Islands was under the influence of small shallow depressions, which appeared over the more Southern portion of the United Kingdom. The winds blew freshly from the Northward in the West, but elsewhere they were very light from various directions, while the weather again became cold and showery in most places, with extremely gloomy skies for the time of year in many parts of the country. Copious falls of rain have been reported locally, the most of the week being nearly 2 inches at Pembroke and 1½ inches at Falmouth on Sunday (15th inst.), while from other stations in their immediate neighbourhood on the same day little or no rain was reported. Temperature has once more shown a falling-off from the average. Maxima have ruled low generally, the highest only exceeding 70° at two or three places on Friday and Saturday (13th and 14th inst.), while frequently they fell below 60°. On the other hand a distinct improvement in the minimum was reported towards the close of the week, when they differed but little from the normal.

The barometer was highest (30.13 inches) on Friday (13th inst.); lowest (29.44 inches) on Monday and Tuesday (16th and 17th inst.); range 0.69 inch. The temperature was highest (71°) on Saturday (14th inst.); lowest (43°) on Thursday (12th inst.); range 28°.

Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.86 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.36 inch on Wednesday (18th inst.).



LONDON POSTMEN will in future wear helmets like the policemen. The helmet will be made of blue serge, bound with "Post Office red."

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK OF GERMANY is to be officially prepared in Berlin, partly by members of the Imperial Family.

A GIPSIES' INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS is shortly to be held at Goessnitz, in Silesia. Crowds of Bohemians are on their way to the meeting place, but it is remarked that the modern gipsy is often too grand to travel in the traditional caravan fashion, and prefers to go by rail—cart, horses, and all.

A SPLENDID "ROYAL" STURGEON has been caught in the Dee. The fish is over five feet long, is as thick as a man's body, and weighs 200*lb.*, while it is stated to be the largest specimen ever taken in the Welsh river. Two salmon-fishers secured the sturgeon in their trammel-net, whilst working near Sandycroft, Hawarden.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE ENTER THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING YEAR next Wednesday, having been married on July 25th, 1839. As wedding gifts from friends in Parliament they will receive their own portraits—Mr. Holl's likeness of Mr. Gladstone in this season's Academy, and the picture of Mrs. Gladstone which Mr. Herkomer is now painting.

THE POPULARITY OF BURNS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC is attested by the enthusiasm shown when the corner-stone of the Burns statue was recently laid at Washington Park, Albany. All the Masonic fraternity turned out in honour of the Scottish poet, and there was a grand parade and much speechifying. The statue promises to be an excellent likeness, following Nasmyth's portrait of Burns, while the sculptor is further guided by a cast from the poet's skull. Burns is represented as seated on a rough boulder, book in hand, and loosely holding his Scotch bonnet.

KING JA-JA OF OPOBO, the deposed West African Sovereign whom we lately exiled to the West Indies, is being somewhat fêted at St. Vincent. He is invited to lawn-tennis parties and various social functions, where he struts about in an admiral's uniform and kid-gloves, bearing himself with kingly dignity. Ja-Ja wisely refuses to commit himself in political arguments, and, when asked whether he will return to his own country, merely replies, "De English send me here. Me know nothing else." He lives in a small cottage near the fort with his son and one attendant. The young Prince is a lad of fifteen, who was educated at Liverpool, and speaks English fluently.

THE LATEST BRITISH ANNEXATION, Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean, lies in lat. 11 S. and long. 106 E. It owes its name to Captain Cook, who spent Christmas there in 1777, and much appreciated the numbers of excellent turtle to be found on the island. Except that it contains valuable guano deposits, the island is little more productive now, whilst the anchorage is bad, there being fifty fathoms of water close inshore. But its strategic position is of importance. Thus Christmas Island is close to the main steamship route from Canada and the United States to New Zealand, while if ever the Panama Canal scheme succeeds our new possession will be in a useful situation on the route from Panama to the Australasian ports. Captain May, of the *Impérieuse*, took possession of the island for Great Britain on June 6th.

A CURIOUS RELIC OF OLD ENGLISH MAGIC was sold last week with the Londesborough collection—the "black stone," or magic speculum, of Dr. Dee, who was so notorious an astrologer in the times of Mary and Elizabeth. Dr. Dee professed to be able to call his familiar spirits into this stone, which magically reflected many strange scenes, and afforded glimpses into futurity. It is mentioned in "Hudibras" as the "devil's looking-glass." The stone is merely a round piece of cannel coal, about half an inch thick, with a kind of handle at one side, and is highly polished. For many years it was in the collection of the Earls of Peterborough, whence it descended to the Duke of Argyll, and thence to Horace Walpole, whose label and handwriting still remain on the back of the leatheren case enclosing the stone. It has now been sold to a British archaeologist for 73*l.* 10*s.*

LONDON CHILDREN'S LIVES are brightened by many kindnesses nowadays. So the Santa Claus Society seeks to cheer the little ones in the Hospitals with gifts of toys, scrap-books, games, and various minor comforts, which are most thoroughly appreciated by those suffering children who have to spend many weary hours in the wards. The toys and dolls collected and dressed by members of the Society are exhibited in December, prizes being given for the best-dressed dolls, and are then distributed among the Hospitals at Christmas. Further the Society supports a Convalescent Fund, which sent twelve children and two adults to Country Homes last year, besides admitting others to hospitals as out-patients. Hospital and Convalescent Home letters are especially acceptable for this branch of the work. Young people whose Christmas stockings are always plentifully filled by Santa Claus may well help this Society, either by becoming members, or by sending toys, dolls, clothing, and sweets for their poorer suffering brothers and sisters. Such gifts, together with subscriptions, will be gratefully received by Miss J. F. Charles, Hillside, Southwood Lane, Highgate, N.

THE NATIONAL FÊTE IN PARIS last Saturday was noteworthy for one special feature—the mania for dancing. Formerly, holiday-makers belonging to the lower ten crowded the concerts and free theatrical performances, but this year they danced all the evening in every corner of Paris where there was room for a small platform and a band. Indeed, street musicians were so much in demand that several ball-organisers were obliged to employ German players at their patriotic rejoicings, much to mutual dislike. On the National Fête Day the Paris garrison don new tricolour cockades for the Review, and give plenty of work to the "cockade-colourists" for some preceding weeks. Only about 20 people practise this industry in Paris, and their labour is not over-remunerative. They work ten hours daily under a "sweater," and the "blanchisseuse" who passes the cockade through a thick white dye can make 2,500 for the *schako* at 2*d.* per 100, or 3,000 for the *kepi* at 1*d.* per 100, while the "fleur" who dyes the cockade blue and red is paid 5*d.* per 100. The sweater pockets a profit of either 8*d.* or 6½*d.* on the hundred. As, however, French cockades are only wanted once a year, the makers work for other countries, particularly for Austria.

LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week, when the deaths numbered 1,288 against 1,211 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 77, although 460 below the average; while the death-rate went up to 15.7 per 1,000. During the thirteen weeks of the quarter just ended the death-rate only averaged 13.9 per 1,000, and was 3 below the mean for the last ten years. Last week there were 72 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 21), 32 from whooping-cough (a rise of 1), 26 from measles (an increase of 3), 24 from diarrhoea (a decline of 5), 18 from scarlet fever (a rise of 8), 12 from enteric fever (an increase of 5), 3 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea (a rise of 1), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever (a decrease of 1), and 1 from small-pox, the first case for many weeks. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs fell to 164 from 176, and were 43 below the average. Eight cases of suicide occurred. There were 2,520 births registered (an increase of 172, but 205 below the usual return).

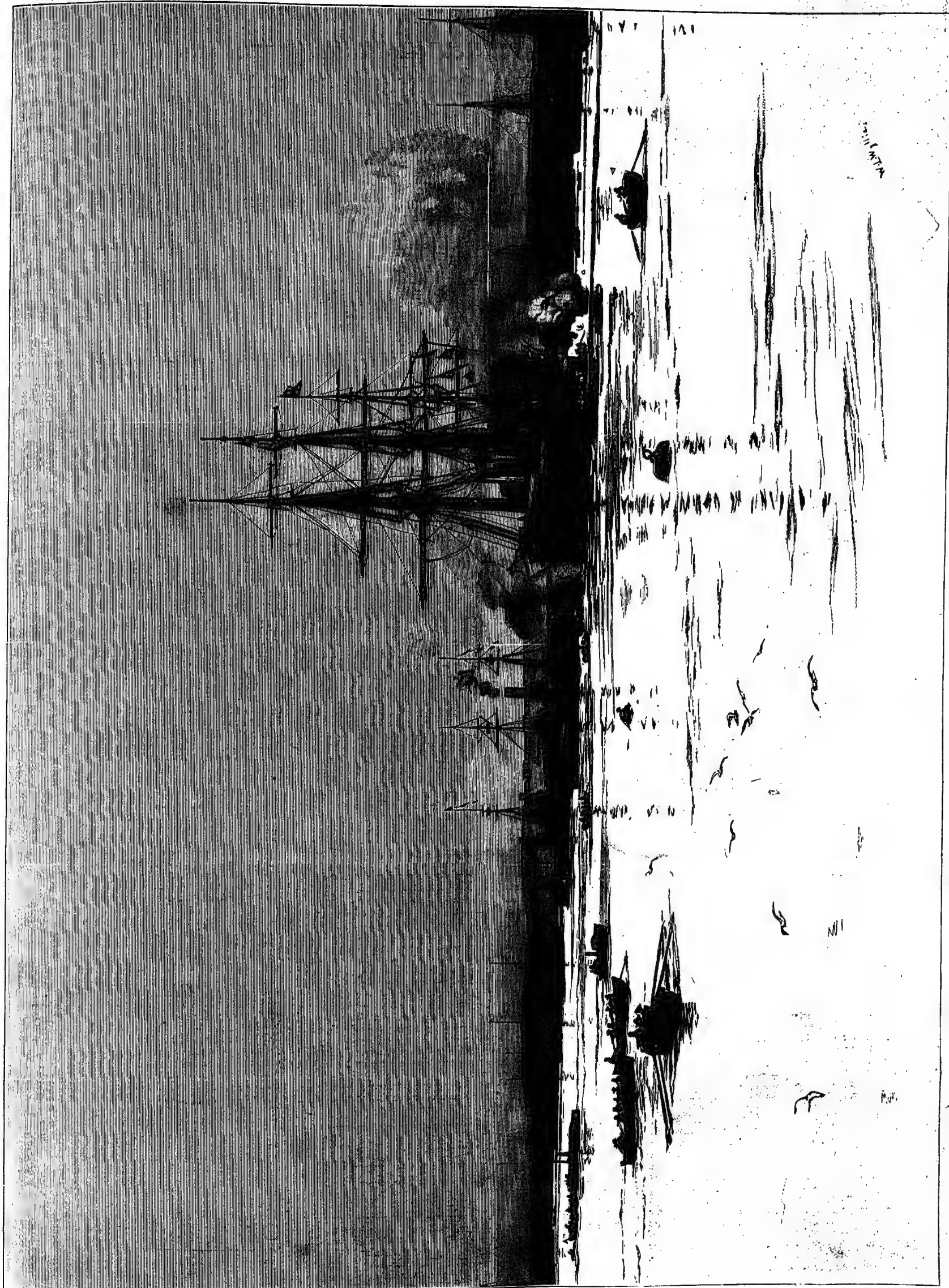


1. To Portsmouth, with returning Liberty Men
2. Saluting "My Lords'" Flag Ship, H.M.S. *Duke of Wellington*

3. Drafting Coast Guardsmen to their Ships, on board the Flag Ship *Duke of Wellington*
4. Liberty Men making the most of their Last Night Ashore in a Music Hall

THE NAVAL MOBILISATION—"A" SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



Black Prince

Devastation

Hercules

Ajax

Warspite

Rupert

Hero

THE NAVAL MOBILISATION—"B" SQUADRON IN PORTLAND ROADS

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



THE Imperial meeting of this week keeps the Continent in a high state of expectation and curiosity. Public opinion, however, has greatly changed since the interview was first announced, and hopes of peace are now as plentiful as the former alarmist views. This note is specially struck by an official communication in the *North German Gazette*, which describes the Emperor William's visit to Russia as "a new confirmation of the policy of peace that the two powerful Empires are endeavouring to consolidate." Some optimists even prophesy a Quadruple Alliance as the fruits of the interview. Without going so far it is generally anticipated that Germany will effectually strengthen her traditional understanding with Russia, and at the same time endeavour to improve the relations between the Czar and Austria. People are not altogether hopeful on the latter point, considering the obstinacy of both Empires on the Eastern Question. For the present, however, little will be known beyond the outside details of the Imperial meeting. Emperor William duly left Kiel on Saturday, and his departure was made the occasion of one of the finest displays in German naval history. William II. is the first German Emperor to cross the Baltic, and his interest in the Navy as well as the Army proves that he is keenly alive to all elements of German prosperity and defence. A fleet of eight ironclads accompanied the Emperor in his yacht *Hohenzollern*, while torpedo boats and training vessels also followed for a short distance, and the six days' passage was enlivened by naval evolutions until Cronstadt was reached on Thursday. Russia prepared an equally imposing naval demonstration to receive her guest, so that when the two Emperors had met on board the *Derjavia* they passed down Cronstadt Harbour amid a vast mass of war vessels. Landing at Peterhof, Emperor William was to be entertained by a grand banquet and illuminations. Yesterday (Friday), the two Sovereigns would go to St. Petersburg for official receptions and visits, to-day will be spent at Krasnoe Selo to witness a review and sham fight, while on Sunday the German Emperor leaves Cronstadt after a naval review of the Russo-German squadrons. Thence he goes to Stockholm and Christiania on a visit to the Norwegian and Danish Courts. A few weeks later the Emperor William will probably meet the King of the Belgians when at Strassburg for the army manoeuvres. Indeed, military operations and Royal interviews will completely occupy the autumn, together with a special visit to Alsace-Lorraine. Prince Bismarck has gone to Friedrichsruh, and the Berlin anti-English party are rejoicing that the Emperor has bestowed high honours on Drs. Gerhardt and Bergmann, who so bitterly attacked Sir Morell Mackenzie in their late report on the Emperor Frederick's illness. The English specialist will shortly publish his version of the case.

There has been no lack of excitement in FRANCE, thanks to the Boulanger duel and the National Fête. The fiery General did not intend the Fête-day to pass without making a fresh bid for popularity, and he unexpectedly appeared in the Chamber to urge an immediate dissolution, so that the general elections might not interfere with the Exhibition next year. This raised a fierce contest between M. Floquet and the General, both of whom abused each other warmly, till the General finally told the Premier that he had "lied four times." Then, as he had been censured for his insolence, and his dissolution proposition had been rejected, General Boulanger resigned his seat for the Nord, and walked out of the Chamber declaring that he should offer himself as a candidate for the Ardèche. Evidently this was a carefully pre-arranged comedy, for the announcement of his resignation was published in the papers almost before the General left the House. His plans, however, did not include a duel with M. Floquet, which the Premier demanded after the General's insulting language. Singularly enough, one of M. Floquet's seconds was M. Clémenceau, who acted for the General at the time of the proposed encounter with M. Ferry, but who has now gone over to the other side. The duel took place at Neuilly, in the grounds of Comte Dillon, the General's friend, and was a most furious encounter, General Boulanger literally flinging himself on his opponent. But to general surprise the civilian worsted the soldier, for M. Floquet, though stout, and older than his adversary, inflicted a serious wound in his neck, while himself only receiving trifling scratches. The General's condition was very precarious for some time, the lungs and larynx being affected, though he is now somewhat better. Unkind critics even declare that the danger was exaggerated, to win popularity. M. Floquet went off triumphant to attend the unveiling of the Gambetta monument, where he was warmly greeted, and made an excellent speech, lauding the dead patriot. Indeed, much less sympathy was shown for the General than might have been expected. He was specially unlucky in being defeated by a civilian, this failure being a sad blow to his military prestige.

Nor were the Boulangists specially prominent at the National Fête on Saturday, save for an insignificant demonstration in the Bois de Boulogne. The fête passed off with the usual amount of enthusiasm and holiday-making, and for once the actual Government seemed most popular with the people at large, President Carnot and M. Floquet being very cordially greeted. The review of the Paris garrison was really brilliant, and the soldiers appeared in better condition and training than for several years. The feature of the day was the dinner to Provincial Mayors which, after all, took place in a hastily arranged hall in the Exhibition grounds, as the much discussed banquet on the Eiffel Tower was found impracticable. President Carnot sat down with three thousand guests, whom he afterwards recommended to remember the burst of patriotic feeling shown during the day towards the Republic. He also exhorted them to maintain peace and coolness, and not to be led away by "noisy and fallacious enterprises." Fireworks from the Eiffel Tower closed the proceedings, and the National Fête ended without any disorder, the Parisians being less bent on politics than on enjoying themselves. Now, the point of interest is the election in the Ardèche to-morrow, Sunday, where the Boulangists hope for a great victory. The Chamber has been chiefly busy with coast defence, the Marine Minister pointing out that the expenses of Colonial policy have kept his department short of the necessary funds to put the northern ports and the fleet in proper condition. Mgr. Freppel asked the House to prohibit duelling, but met with no support, and another small scene was due to M. Felix Pyat, who interpellated the Government respecting the Comte de Paris' manifesto. The veteran Communist demanded that the Orleanist property should be confiscated to the State, and considered that the Government dealt too leniently with Royalist pretenders. Now the Chambers have closed and President Carnot has gone to Dauphiné for the first of the Republican centenary celebrations.

IN EASTERN AFFAIRS, the matrimonial quarrel between the King and Queen of SERBIA wages as fiercely as ever. Queen Natalie has been forced to give up her son, and also to leave Germany, the Teutonic Government acknowledging King Milan's rights, and being anxious to keep clear of the dispute. The little Prince had a regular triumphal progress to Belgrade, his father meeting him in Austria, while his mother was not allowed to leave Wiesbaden till some hours later, so as not to overtake her child and cause difficulties.

The Queen is now in Paris, determined to assert her rights, while public sympathy has somewhat turned to her side on the publication of King Milan's suggested compromise, which certainly drove a hard bargain with the Queen. Internal affairs in BULGARIA grow daily more complicated as the differences increase between Prince Ferdinand and M. Stambouloff. The Prince's position is most painful, but his party hope for an improvement after August, when he will have been in Bulgaria for a year and so have attained a more legal status. The unfortunate captives captured by the brigands at Bellova are still in the mountains, a ransom of about 1,000l. per head being demanded.

Storms and cold weather affect the UNITED STATES. The Atlantic Coast has suffered from terrible gales, while inland the freshet in the Monongahela River causes wide-spread distress. Houses and railroads have been swept away, crops and manufacturing devastated, so that many families are ruined. Except at Chicago, where an Anarchist dynamite plot has been discovered and frustrated, political circles are dull after the recent excitement, the Republicans reserving their energies for a grand reception to Mr. Blaine when he returns on August 8th. Their Presidential candidate, Mr. Harrison, has been ill from overwork.

Fresh fighting on the Sikkim frontier is daily expected in INDIA, as the Tibetans are said to be advancing in force across the Jalapa Pass, towards the British positions. However, the British feel confident that Gnatong is too thoroughly fortified to be in any danger, while the garrison is provisioned till October, and thus could resist a long blockade. According to rumour, Tibet asked China to help her, on the plea of having thrice defeated the English. The Chinese Government aptly replied that, with such convincing proofs of Tibetan military superiority, their aid would be superfluous. Further East, in BURMA, it is the same old story of disturbance and disaffection, fanned by the harsh system of heavy punitive taxes, which causes many peaceful districts to revolt and join the dacoits. As mentioned last week, the railways are now the point of attack, and on the arrest of a suspected Burman in Rangoon a proclamation was found among his papers urging the natives to destroy the iron enemy—the railways—the only vulnerable place in the power of the great enemy. In INDIA proper the child-marriage question is again prominent through the brutal treatment of a young wife of eleven, who was branded with a hot iron by her husband and mother-in-law for a failure in cooking.

Owing to the unsettled condition of ZULULAND, troops are being sent on from Egypt and officers from England. In the mean time the Governor has been trying conciliation to suppress the rising, having received envoys from Dinizulu. The envoys plead that the Usutus attacked the British on June 2, without Dinizulu's authority, but Sir A. Havelock declares that he will not discuss the matter while the rebel chief is in arms. Military circles disapprove of these negotiations, and are eager to put down the rebels definitively. They urge that English policy has been far too lenient and vacillating in Zululand, injuring our prestige with the natives, who construe moderation as weakness. Moreover, the Zulus are so devoted to the Cetewayo dynasty that they are ready enough to support Dinizulu in opposition to the loyal native chiefs. Small skirmishes occur frequently, but there has been no fighting of importance save an attack on John Dunn's levy by the chief Somopo, who was speedily repulsed. John Dunn's party were returning from relieving Mr. Pretorius in the Inkandhla district, who was found safe, and is now well protected. Lieutenant-General Smyth, commanding the British forces, has made Ekowe his headquarters. With Zululand thus in ferment, the death of President Brand of the ORANGE FREE STATE is felt to be a severe loss to England at the present juncture. President Brand's friendly offices towards England in the Transvaal War will not readily be forgotten, nor his more recent refusal to unite commercially with the Transvaal Republic against Great Britain. His death, too, raises the hopes of the Transvaal Boers that the Free State may now join the Republic—a step, however, firmly opposed by a strong party in the Free State. Over the frontier, in CAPE COLONY, there has been a terrible disaster at the De Beers Diamond Mine in Kimberley. An accident with the hauling gear set the woodwork of the shaft alight, and the fire spread to the mine, where the gas and the smoke overpowered the workers. More than 700 men were below at the time of the fire, and 503 of these were rescued; but 200 natives and 24 white men perished, among the latter being the manager, Mr. Lindsay. He had only just come out to his duties, and was but twenty-eight years of age. The diamond mines at Kimberley are somewhat dangerous, owing to the miners being compelled to dig for the gems in the shale instead of washing them out of alluvial deposits. The latest news stated that the mine was still on fire, and that no more lives could possibly be saved.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the Czar of RUSSIA proposes to make a grand progress through his Central-Asian dominions in October, visiting Merv and Samarcand. The Russian Army is to be increased this year by 15,000 recruits over the usual number, raising the annual contingent to 250,000 men. As also the term of service has been altered to five years in the line and thirteen years in the reserve, both the war and peace footings will be largely augmented. Thus the effective strength of the Russian forces will exceed that of the German Army.—In HOLLAND the States-General are considering a Bill for the guardianship of the little Princess Royal in the event of her succeeding as a minor. The Princess would be under the care of the Queen-mother and of nine high State officials forming a Council; while, if Queen Emma married again, she would lose her right of guardianship, unless by special enactment.—A terrible volcanic eruption has occurred at Takamatsu in JAPAN. Some 400 persons are said to be killed and 1,000 injured.—CHINA dreads more disastrous floods in the Yellow River. After months of labour and expense the breach in the river banks cannot be stopped effectually.



THE QUEEN is now at Osborne. Before leaving Windsor Her Majesty came to town to see the Duchess of Cambridge and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and entertained at Windsor Castle the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their daughter, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury. On Saturday the Queen received Sir Morell Mackenzie, and Professor Cerrodi of Rome, and conferred on Lieutenant Jenner the Distinguished Service Order for gallantry in the Burmese Campaign. The Lieutenant and Sir W. Jenner afterwards dined with Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry attended Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, when the Dean of Windsor officiated, while later Dom Pedro of Saxe-Coburg, eldest grandson of the Emperor of Brazil, arrived on a visit. Prince and Princess Christian, with their eldest son and daughter, joined the Royal party at dinner. Dom Pedro left on Monday. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and her children, and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, left Windsor on Wednesday morning, and crossed from Gosport in the *Alberta* to Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters came up to town on Monday from Sandringham. On Tuesday they opened

the new buildings of the Great Northern Central Hospital in the Holloway Road, and received a hearty welcome in Islington and Holloway, the district being gaily decorated. Next day the Prince was installed as Grand Prior of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, Prince Albert Victor being chosen Sub-Prior. The Prince and Princess go to Wimbledon to-day (Saturday) to distribute prizes to the Volunteers.—Yesterday (Friday) Prince Albert Victor was to visit Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, to open the new promenade and sea-wall.

The Duke of Edinburgh starts from Malta to-day (Saturday) with the Mediterranean Squadron to cruise on the Greek and Turkish coasts until October.—Princess Louise visited Stratford-on-Avon on Monday, and next day inspected the Goodrich Road Board Schools, East Dulwich, while on Wednesday she distributed the prizes of the National Art Training School, South Kensington.—The Duchess of Albany on Saturday attended the public meeting of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and presented the prizes to the successful essayists.—The Empress Dowager Victoria of Germany is to be officially styled, "Empress-Queen Frederick," so as to avoid confusion with the present Empress Augusta-Victoria. Princess Christian is now staying with her sister.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season will close this week, and unless Mr. Carl Rosa or Mr. Mapleson take pity on us, the inhabitants of the largest and wealthiest city in the world will, in all probability, not be accorded another opportunity of witnessing an operatic performance until next May. The facts are admitted, and it would just now be too long a story to discuss the remedy. It is satisfactory to hear that the current opera season has been financially successful, and we hope this satisfactory result will give managers courage to make another attempt on a more extended basis. The last few performances of the season have been devoted to grand opera, which is now far more popular than any other. *Lohengrin* and *Faust*, the two great successes of the year, have been repeated, and—very late in the season—*Aida* and *Mefistofele* have each been given once. The *résumé* of the entire season must, of course, be reserved till next week.

Aida was cast by many of the vocalists who have already won public favour in their several parts. Radames, for example, is the character in which M. Jean de Reszké first appeared in London as a tenor. He was then hailed as one of the finest exponents of a part which has often been played by vocalists who could not act, and by actors who could not sing. The combination of an actor and a notable tenor is rare, and it is realised in none so completely as in the case of the great Polish artist, whose impersonation of the unworthy hero of Verdi's Egyptian opera is one of his best. Madame Nordica was a competent *Aida*, M. d'Andrade was the Amonasro, and Madame Scalchi who, despite her splendid singing in the scene before the dungeon in the last act, found the music was rather too high for her, was the Amneris.

On Tuesday Boito's *Mefistofele* was revived with almost a new cast. First, we have to praise the chorus, which in *Aida* sang considerably out of tune, but had now recovered themselves. Next we have to commend the admirable delineation of the part of Mefistofele by M. Edouard de Reszké. The part is a picturesque and well varied one, and as it is far more important than even that in M. Gounod's *Faust*, it would, were the work more frequently heard, be exceedingly popular with low-voiced baritones. Signor Nannetti, who created the character, has down to date been our best Mefistofele; but M. Edouard de Reszké is very little behind him, and, indeed, in some situations in which dignity is chiefly required, such, for example, as in the revels on the Brocken, the Pole even surpasses the Italian. The stage show, as usual under Mr. Augustus Harris, was complete in every detail, the fugal ballet in the classical Walpurgis Night, and the groupings of crowds in the Kermesse, and the witches' dance on the Hartz Mountains, being particularly remarkable. But one of the happiest of the managerial reforms was the dividing of the parts of Margaret and the mythological Helen of Troy between two sopranos. The two characters are quite distinct, not only in Goethe's drama, but also in the opera, and the contrast between the stately beauty of the Greek heroine and the pretty simplicity of the unfortunate Gretchen should be well marked. Miss Ella Russell was a somewhat robust Helen, but Miss Macintyre has never sung more prettily than as Margaret in the garden, nor acted with greater dramatic force and propriety than in the dungeon scene.

The season will end to-night (Saturday) with *Les Huguenots*, and the company will then separate for the year, although some of its members will reassemble for a brief provincial tour, which will begin in Glasgow on October 8th.

THE BAYREUTH FESTIVITIES.—Dr. Richter is now at Bayreuth rehearsing the artists for the annual Festival performances, which will begin to-morrow (Sunday) with a revival of *Parsifal*. On Monday *Die Meistersinger* will be given for the first time at Bayreuth. A large number of Wagner-lovers will attend from England and the United States, but the interest to British music-lovers is, of course, more or less discounted by the fact that both works have so frequently been described in print, and that the music of each is familiar here. The casts will be frequently varied, and the representations will take place on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, till August 19th. London opera-goers may be interested to learn that at Bayreuth the performances begin with sound of trumpet at 4 P.M., that an hour's interval is made between each act, and that special trains take the audience home to Munich and elsewhere at 11 P.M.

CONCERTS.—The concert season is now practically over, and next week the only special performance is the final concert given by the Royal Academy students. On Tuesday Mr. Jerome Hopkins, an American "Radical" composer, had a few of the less important of his seven or eight hundred compositions (these particulars and the title "Radical" are taken from Mr. Hopkins' own programme) performed at an invitation concert at the smaller St. James's Hall.—M. d'Odiardi has likewise given a concert of his compositions; and among other performances have been those announced by Mr. Harry Williams, a tenor; M. Manjon, the blind guitar player; M. Elin Aramis, Mr. Sheridan, Mdle. Van der Meersch, and Miss Van Brunn.

THE CHESTER FESTIVAL.—The Triennial Festival will be held next Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in Chester Cathedral, with an orchestra and chorus of 300 performers, under Dr. Joseph Bridge. The chief artists are Misses Anna Williams and Damian, Mesdames Nordica and Belle Cole, Messrs. Lloyd, Nicholl, Grice, Brereton, and Santley. The only novelty is Mr. Oliver King's psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," but among the works also announced are the *Messiah*, *Redemption*, *Golden Legend*, and Verdi's *Requiem*.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The complimentary banquet was given to Sir John Stainer at the Hotel Métropole on Tuesday. Lord Herschell presided.—The London Symphony concerts will in future be carried on at Mr. Henschel's own risk. The dates fixed are various Tuesday evenings, and two Wednesday afternoons between

November 20th and February 27th.—Señor Sarasate has arranged to give six concerts for violin and orchestra at St. James's Hall, on Saturday afternoons, between May 11th and June 15th next.—A limited liability company (but not it is believed for concert hall purposes) has been registered under the title of—"Her Majesty's Theatre, Limited."—It is understood at present to be uncertain whether Master Hegner will reappear in October, or will delay his return till next year. Master Josef Hofman will certainly not play again this year.—The editor of the *Musical World* has resigned his post owing to press of other work. He has been succeeded by Mr. E. F. Jacques, a prominent member of the London Wagner Society.—Mr. Ambrose Austin finally relinquished his management of St. James's Hall, and removed to his new country residence on Tuesday.—Messrs. H. P. Stephens and Edward Solomon announce that their first annual musical and dramatic *soirée* will take place at the Prince's Hall, on Wednesday evening, July 25th.

UNDER CANVAS

EVERY year the Prince of Wales's Own Royal Downshire Rifle Volunteers go into camp for a week in the month of July; combining duty with a pleasant holiday at the time of year most convenient to the majority of the corps—that is, after the hay is carried and before the harvest begins. Most of the rank and file are agricultural labourers, but a fair proportion come from the offices and shops of the country towns.

The authorities fixed on a wide and breezy Down about three miles from the cathedral city of Lanchester for the annual training. The wind blew freshly across the Downs, but below in the hollow the city lay asleep in a summer haze, the sun beating down upon its old red-tiled houses and straight unlovely streets, and the roads along the valley were thick with dust, even the hedges being so covered with chalky powder that they looked as if a heavy snow-storm had passed over them. Early in the afternoon on a blazing hot Saturday we assembled in the market-place of Lanchester, some 350 all told, and, headed by our band, proud of the new tunes they had learned since last training, we marched gallantly through the main streets to the almost unrecognisable strains of "Two Lovely Black Eyes," which our bandmaster, greatly daring, had shaped and welded into a march dedicated to the colonel. It was all very well in the streets; the sun beat straight down upon us, it is true, and there was not a breath of air stirring, but we were fresh, and some nursemaids smiled on us from the street corners in addition to the dozen little boys who ran along the pavement in silent admiration, so we held up our heads and stepped out bravely. But when we had turned the corner of the long straight street that leads out of the city it was quite another matter. The little boys had dropped behind, the road between two high, thick hedges was ankle deep in dust, and we soon became enveloped in a cloud that hung above and kept pace with us, as if we had been a flock of sheep.

The last of the scattered houses on the outskirts was a long low heavily-thatched inn. At the door were two farmer's carts, the dark stone-flagged passage looked cool and inviting, and many an eye was turned thirstily towards the landlord and farmers who came out and stood in the shade, observing us critically as we passed. By the time we had emerged from the tunnel-like lanes we were covered all over with a fine white dust, as if we had been millers, and when we had done the three miles we were all pretty severely distressed, for our want of training told hardly upon those of us who lived in the city, and were not used to tramping under a midsummer sun as were the agricultural labours in the regiment.

Up on the Downs we found a miscellaneous array of cabs and carts awaiting us with our household goods for the week, but before we could do anything else the tents had to be pitched. Happily, our adjutant was a young man, active, hard as nails, and with an inexhaustible knowledge that supplied every want. Under his directions the camp was speedily knocked into shape, with no more serious mishap than the momentary burial of part of the force under masses of canvas. When our tents were up we arranged our necessities as well as we could in the narrow space—a camp-bed, a chest of drawers, a trunk, and an easy chair, some of us even going to the luxurious length of bringing up beautifully-worked antimacassars to decorate the chairs and camp-stools. The mess-tents and ante-rooms had been erected before our arrival by the messman, and we were only too glad to get into their grateful shade after our unaccustomed exertions.

Our men were a mixed lot, and found time hang rather heavily on their hands, for as the sun was so hot upon the Downs, the Colonel had parades early in the morning and in the cool of the evening, so that there was nothing much to do all the middle of the day. The men had a pleasant habit of getting permission to go down into the city, overstaying their leave, and then trying to dodge in between the tents without being seen by the sentries—a rather difficult feat, as the camp was pitched on level ground, with a bare belt of Down all round it. The sentries, too, were curiosities in their way. One night our adjutant on his rounds thought to improve the occasion by asking a sentry what he would do if there was a fire in the camp. The man thought a bit, and then said,

"I'd call the Colonel, sir."

"But you could not do that; you would have to desert your post."

The man considered again, and then a happy inspiration came to his aid.

"Please, sir, I'd present arms."

Some of the officers, too, contribute their share of amusement to the camp. Even the Doctor, an old campaigner, who had been out with the regiment for nearly twenty years, complained one morning of the cold at night, and of the draughtiness of the tents. On putting him through a cross-examination, it was discovered, to the great delight of the subs, that he had forgotten to let down the curtains of his tent, and so had had the advantage of the keen night air of the Downs blowing round him all night long.

By the time the week's training was half over a great change had come over our appearance. We were all burnt a deep ruddy brown, and were a good deal slimmer in the waist than when we marched up. One of the ladies who came up to our lawn-tennis party remarked that we looked quite like real soldiers, which somehow we did not consider as the compliment she meant it to be. Besides the lawn-tennis party, we had crowds of townspeople up for our athletic sports, which went off as such sports usually do, and without any noteworthy incident, except that our fair friend who had touched on our martial appearance mistook the flag with "C.O." on it outside the Colonel's tent for the starting-post, and capiously asked why it was necessary to have such a great GO on our starting-flag. We crushed her kindly, but firmly, and felt that our injured pride was saved. After the sports we had our usual evening parade, and by the end of the week felt that we were getting at least presentable. Still, we rather dreaded the inspection by the General commanding the district, but we passed the ordeal with great success, hardly swerving when our own mud-major caught his foot in a lawn-tennis-peg, carelessly left in the ground by one of the men, and fell full length upon his face between the regiment and the spectators. Though we had managed to have a deal of fun during our stay in camp, yet we got through a good deal of work as well, and when, on the Saturday afternoon, we marched down the hill into Lanchester we presented a much more workmanlike appearance than when we left the city the week before, and we were quite certain that if the enemy would only wait till after our week's training before invading England, the F.W.O.R.D.R.V. would be able to give a very good account of twice their number of the invaders.

J. W. P.



THE TWO NEW SUFFRAGANS, Dr. Billing, Bishop of Bedford, and Dr. Thicknesse, Bishop of Leicester, were consecrated, on Sunday, in Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the assistance of several prelates, English, American, and Colonial, the Bishop of Wakefield preaching a sermon on episcopal duties.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.—The Bishops of Sydney, Colombo, Central Africa, Japan, and Chicago, have this week delivered addresses in St. Paul's Cathedral on the missionary work of their respective dioceses. The Bishops attending the Conference were guests at a *conversazione* given in their honour by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, whose establishment they inspected, and their gratitude to whom was expressed by the Bishop of Calcutta and Rupertsland among others. The Primate and a number of the prelates were welcomed by Lord Harrowby, as its President, on visiting the Bible House of the British and Foreign Bible Society, when they were shown, among other objects of interest, translations of the Scriptures into no fewer than 260 languages. They have also been entertained at the Deanery by the Dean of Westminster, who "personally conducted" through the Abbey parties, chiefly of American prelates.

THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION have granted a rule *nisi*, which simply means that the matter is considered arguable, on an application for a *mandamus* to compel the Bishop of London either to send to the Archbishop or to "consider with reference to the whole circumstances of the case" the representation made to him of the illegality of the reredos in St. Paul's. As has been already stated, the Bishop refuses to sanction the institution of proceedings in the Courts to test the legality of the reredos, and without his sanction that step cannot be taken. The Attorney-General, on the part of the plaintiffs, contended that the Bishop had not considered the whole circumstances, but had based his refusal on a faulty analogy between the case and the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council affirming the legality of a sculptured representation of the Ascension. But this was affirmed to be legal because it was simply an historical representation, and it was not alleged to have been the object of "superstitious" reverence. In the case of the reredos, however, there were affidavits of instances of apparent worship. In the course of the proceedings Lord Coleridge said it was "astonishing" that the Bishop of London "should have seen no distinction between a sculptured representation of an event in Our Lord's life and a crucifix, which was a well-known object of devotion all over the world."

MISCELLANEOUS.—To-day, Saturday, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council will, it is understood, hear a petition for leave to appeal from the decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury refusing to sanction the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln for alleged ritualistic practices.—Lord Derby, who is the patron of the living, is said to be favourably inclined to a division of the Rectory of Bury, Lancashire, the annual income of which is now fully 4,200*l.*—Canon Harrison, Vicar of Bury St. Edmunds, has been unanimously elected Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Diocese of Glasgow, his appointment being acquiesced in by a minority favourable to the election of Bishop Sandford, of Tasmania.—Mr. Lewis T. Dibdin, of Lincoln's Inn, who is already Chancellor of the Diocese of Rochester, has been appointed by the Bishop of Exeter to be Chancellor of his Diocese in succession to the late Archdeacon Phillpotts.



MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—A sacred song for the home-circle is, "I Am the Shepherd True," the devotional words by F. W. Faber, D.D., have been set to appropriate music by John A. Macmeikan; this song is of medium compass.—Quaint and pleasing is "Still Is the Night," a Russian gipsy serenade, words by Constance Bache, music by Schilofsky; it is published in two keys, F and A.—Full of quiet pathos are the words of "Going Home, Lad," by Arthur Chapman; they are well set to music by Ernest R. Newton.—Highly dramatic, and suitable for the concert-room, is "The Monk's Vision;" the words are by Lewis Novra, the music by Sydney Shaw. There are very effective *ad lib.* accompaniments for the violin, harp, and harmonium. This song was suggested by Gustave Doré's picture, "Daydream."—No. 1 of "Six Easy Pieces for the Violin," with pianoforte accompaniment, is "Romance," by Otto Peiniger. It is a pretty and not difficult piece.—Many of our readers have already heard and admired "The Claudia Polka" (as played nightly before *The Red Lamp*), composed by Eille Norwood; it is tuneful and danceable.

WILLIAM CZERNY.—A refined and tender love-song is "O, Loving Heart," written and composed by Edouard Lassen; it is published in three keys.—"Idyll" (in A) for violin, flute, or violoncello and pianoforte, by G. F. Kendall, is a very attractive drawing-room piece.—Two pleasing pieces for the pianoforte, by Alfred Grünfeld, are "Serenade" and "Mazurka," in F.—The same may be said of "Sweet Mignonette," a song without words, for the pianoforte, by Oscar Wagner, and "A Sylvan Lay (*Unter Rauschenden Bäumen*)" by N. Von Wilm.

MESSRS. BREITKOFF AND HÄRTLE, LEIPZIG.—It is a mistake not to give the name of the English agent for this firm, by whom is published a work of no ordinary merit, "Legende der heiligen Caecilia," a cantata, poetry by Wilhelm Edelmann, music by J. G. Eduard Stehle. The libretto is published in German, French, Italian, and English, the words under each other—a somewhat confusing arrangement for singers, although it has its advantages. To most of our readers the Legend of St. Cecilia is familiar; it has more than once formed the subject of a musical setting. This clever work is well worthy the attention of high-class choral societies; it only requires to be heard to soon become a standard favourite in England. It is arranged for soli, chorus, and orchestra, as well as for pianoforte-accompaniment alone.

MESSRS. CRAMER AND CO.—One of the greatest musical managers of the century was Maurice Strakosch, who out of sixty-three years of his life spent almost forty as an *impresario*. Whilst yet a young man, he studied singing under the great artist Madame Pasta, who, having retired from the stage, amused herself by giving gratuitous lessons to a few chosen pupils, and from her he learnt the secret of the pure Italian school of vocalisation, which is embodied in a remarkable work entitled "Ten Commandments of Music," for the development, perfection, and preservation of the voice, compiled and edited by M. Le Roy. A very interesting account of the musical career of this talented *impresario* is given, and when we read the list of brilliant singers who were his pupils and brought out by him—names which include those of Adelina Patti, Wachtel, Heilbron, Clara Kellogg, and Minnie Hauk—it is a guarantee of the excellency of this novel system, which is noteworthy for its extreme simplicity. We learn from the preface that "The Ten Commandments of Music" are a series of exercises used

by the great Pasta, and bequeathed by her, as a precious legacy, to Maurice Strakosch. It is these "Commandments" alone which were used in his system of instruction. We can cordially recommend this work to earnest and persevering students, who will surely be rewarded for their industry.



THERE seems to be a certain amount of disappointment in some quarters because Lucas Malet's new novel, "A Counsel of Perfection" (1 vol.: Kegan Paul and Co.) is not a repetition of her "Colonel Enderby's Wife," which made her reputation some three years ago. Any such feeling is to the last degree unreasonable. The first novel was a work of promise: the present is one of very much more than its fulfilment. It is best described by likening it to a perfectly conceived and finished bas-relief in marble, wherein the various figures stand out in exquisite clearness, and in admirable grouping and proportion. Compared with it, "Colonel Enderby's Wife" was a very rough piece of workmanship. Moreover, Lucas Malet has obtained, during the interval, the mastery of an exceptionally refined and delicate style. Possibly its completeness of finish may stand in the way of the popularity which the work unquestionably deserves, on the ground of its fine artistic quality. Two of the characters stand out with especial prominence and in elaborate contrast, and both are original in the best sense. On the one hand we have the study of a woman in whom the circumstances of life have suppressed all the natural outlets of emotion, so that she reaches the border-land of middle-age with the freshness and innocence of girlhood, added to matured strength and capacity for self-sacrifice; on the other, that of her father, the cold and unconsciously selfish scholar, who exacts abject devotion from her without realising that his influence is freezing and crushing the life out of her. The manner in which, nevertheless, her development, instead of being crushed, is only retarded, like that of an invincibly healthy plant, whose blossoms and fruit have merely been kept back by a long frost, is admirably worked out, and with much originality of treatment. It is a sad story on the whole, but necessarily so, and perhaps the virtue of self-suppression is somewhat exaggerated and over-strained. But there is no need to hunt for flaws in a book of such high literary merit, and so suggestive of reflection for both men and women.

The title chosen by Mr. C. Gibbon for his new novel "Beyond Compare" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.) is very far from suggesting the sensational character of his story. It may be taken, however, as of very general application to all his characters, especially to his villains, who are unquestionably incomparable in their way. No villainy is too big or too little for them, from mere meanness up to wholesale forgery and murder. On the other hand, though his heroine is not only very charming, but has quite a refreshing amount of courage and common sense, we do not care to assume that no others of her sex are fit to be compared with her. It is true that common sense is not a usual attribute of heroines of fiction, but it is not so very uncommon in real life as to render its possessor unique. To a certain extent the novel is one of character, as well as of plot and incident. Old Mrs. Eldridge, for example, is a highly finished, if somewhat theatrical study, of a morbidly reticent, yet really sensitive, and even passionate, woman, who does her utmost to create the misunderstandings from which she so intensely suffers. The plot is a good and strong one, though rather rough and suggestive of scene-painting, and containing one or two points not very easy to comprehend. For example, Preston Durrant supposes his father to have died intestate, in which case he, as the eldest son, would have inherited the landed property, not even—as Mr. Gibbon seems to imagine—having to share it with his brother. Why, then, should he forge a will in order that somebody else should be suspected of forging it? Why should he trouble himself about the matter at all? It could not help him either in case of intestacy or in case of the discovery of a real will. Again, why should Captain Bragnet, having discovered a good hiding-place for a document, carefully invite attention to it by turning it into a sort of wreckers' beacon? The fisher-folk might, possibly, avoid it as haunted, but surely not the police and the coast-guard. Altogether, the novel would have been a good deal better for a careful revision, and for drawing the various threads more closely together. But it is a good novel of its kind.

"The Paradox Club: a Tale of London Life," by Edward Garnett (1 vol.: T. Fisher Unwin), answers exceedingly well to its intention. A graceful little love story gives its personal interest to the talks of the more or less eccentric members of a very unconventional society, who enable Mr. Garnett to be as pleasantly satirical about things in general as he pleases, without accepting any particular responsibility for them. The author is both a humourist (in the best sense) and a poet; and he is all the better in both capacities for knowing how to laugh a little at himself and at his thoughts and fancies. In short, he has the true vein of irony, than which few things are more delightful when worked in his light-handed and often strikingly felicitous manner. It would be easy and pleasant to illustrate his quality by extracts; but it will be much more satisfactory for the reader to make his own selections from a book which is throughout so suggestive and entertaining. We look forward to renewing Mr. Garnett's acquaintance speedily and often, for it is evident that he has a great deal more to say, out of both his reading and his observation, which is well worth saying. He thinks for himself, and he seems likely to form a style of his own.

We have seldom come across a story composed of such disagreeably unpromising materials as Gertrude M. Ireland Blackburne's "In Opposition" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey). It is one of those matrimonial novels which begin to show signs of passing out of the fashion into which they should never have come—novels which take human nature at its meanest and silliest. It must be regarded as considerable praise, therefore, when we say that Miss Blackburne has made, from a literary point of view, better use of her materials than we should have thought possible. In itself, the story is even comically harrowing; its unpleasantness would appear ludicrous if the plot were stated barely, and might almost have been told by the fat boy to Mrs. Wardle the elder in a sentimental and literary mood. But it is well arranged and constructed, and contains one or two scenes powerful enough to, at any rate, give it a place above the average.

Edith Hill's "Martin Revel" (1 vol.: Wyman and Sons) is a very innocent and wholesome story of a lad who very successfully tries to be good, but is otherwise nothing in particular, and who neither does, nor suffers anything worth mentioning. His love-affairs were, no doubt, important to himself, to their objects, and to their narrator; and it is interesting to note how rapidly the hospital nurse is ousting her less-busy sisters from the place of sentimental heroine. The story is carefully written, and promising, so far as freedom from any positive blemish can be called so.

THE HAMPSTEAD HEATH EXTENSION COMMITTEE have asked the Metropolitan Board of Works to advance part of the purchase money for Parliament Hill. Altogether 289,600*l.* are required, and as the Board of Works had promised to contribute a sum not over 150,000*l.*, the Committee want them to hand over 149,300*l.* to complete the purchase at once.



1. The Auberge

2. La Ravaudeuse—Needlewoman

3. Le Savetier—Cobbler

4. Escape of a Prisoner

5. Street Singers

6. Entrance to the Old Bastille

7. La Garde Française

8. Chairmen

REPRODUCTION OF THE OLD BASTILLE OF 1789

ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE PARIS CENTENARY EXHIBITION OF 1889, RECENTLY INAUGURATED BY M. FLOQUET

THE RIGHT HON. C. T.
RITCHIE, M.P.

MR. CHARLES THOMSON RITCHIE is the son of the late Mr. William Ritchie, of Rockhill, Forfarshire, by his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Thomson. He was born at Dundee in 1838. In 1874 he was returned as Conservative member for the Tower Hamlets, and continued to hold the seat until 1885, when, after the Redistribution Bill, he was returned for the St. George's Division of the old borough. At the General Election of 1886 he was again elected for the same constituency, polling 485 votes more than his Liberal opponent, Mr. Richard Eve. In Lord Salisbury's first Administration, having gained a considerable reputation for practical ability and conversance with affairs, Mr. Ritchie was made Secretary to the Admiralty, and in the present Cabinet he is President of the Local Government Board. He has taken a prominent part in the agitation against foreign bounties on sugar, but his chief achievement has been performed in the present Session, during which he has piloted that extensive and complicated measure, the Local Government Bill, through the House of Commons. It is true that the opposition aroused by the Licensing Clauses compelled their withdrawal, but this partial failure cannot be attributed to any mismanagement on the part of Mr. Ritchie, who is acknowledged by men of all parties to have performed his difficult task with excellent skill and judgment. Mr. Ritchie is engaged in mercantile pursuits in the East of London. He is a magistrate for Middlesex, and a Major in the Third Battalion Royal East Surrey Regiment. In 1858 he married Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Ower, of Perth.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.

THE SILVER FÊTE

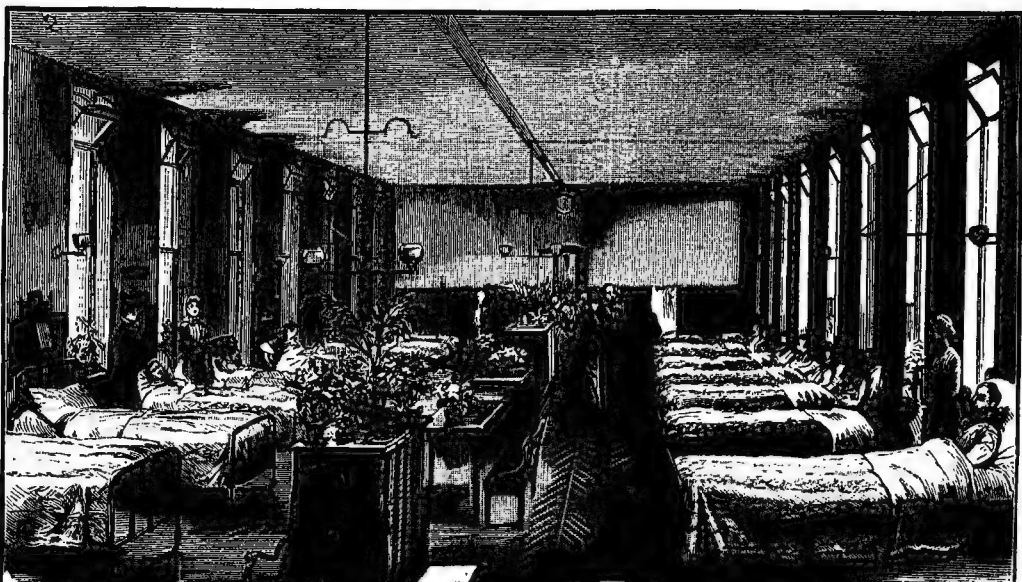
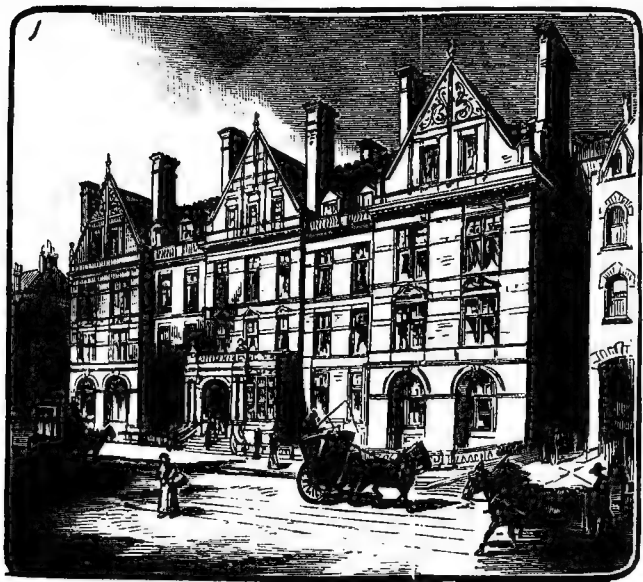
SOME months ago it was decided to hold at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition a *fête* in celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The *fête* was organised by an influential committee, and it was intended to devote the proceeds to pay off an existing debt of 3,000*l.* on the



THE RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE, M.P.
President of the Local Government Board

new out-patients' wing of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Queen's Road, Chelsea, of which the Princess Louise is the patroness. The *fête* began on Wednesday, the 11th inst., and continued open until the end of the week. A most representative list of patrons, stewards, and stall-holders was secured, and the features of the entertainment provided were numerous, varied, and attractive. A costume bazaar was held in the conservatory of the Albert Hall, which was most tastefully decorated with hangings of every colour and description. There was an almost bewildering supply of articles of the most miscellaneous description on sale at the bazaar, and the stall-holders drove a brisk trade in all kinds of wares, from flowers and fruit to garden-hats and cigarettes. In the grounds there was no lack of amusement, and among other entertainments performances were given by many well-known singers, musicians, and actors. The stall-holders and their assistants comprised numerous ladies of rank and of professional celebrity.—Our engraving represents the Fine Art stall, over which Mrs. Du Maurier, the wife of the well-known artist, presided.

MARRIAGES IN CHINA are sometimes arranged with a craft which does credit even to the wily Celestial. Lately in a remote Chinese village, a good-looking girl had reached marriageable age, but could find no suitor because she was hump-backed. The professional go-between, however, discovered a young man in the neighbouring village, who was in exactly the same difficulty. He proposed the match, but kept the subject of hump-backs out of question on either side—the parents agreed, but each wanted a private view beforehand of the bride and bridegroom elect respectively. Not to disclose her trick the match-maker accordingly arranged that the girl should be seen as she sat at her spinning-wheel, with her hump deftly inserted in a hole in the mud wall of the cottage, whilst the man was introduced as he was conducting home a water-buffalo, and leaning over its neck with his rain-coat negligently thrown over his back. The deception succeeded, the marriage took place, and the happy pair and their parents were only undeceived when the knot had been too securely tied by law for any remedy.



1. The Hospital as it will be when Completed

2. A Men's Ward

3. The Opening Ceremony

4. The Royal Procession

THE GREAT NORTHERN CENTRAL HOSPITAL, HOLLOWAY
OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES LAST TUESDAY



IN ACTIONS BROUGHT LAST YEAR Mr. Edison established his right to the exclusive manufacture of incandescent lamps as patented by him in 1879, and of a mode of adapting the carbon filaments for them as described in what is known as the Chesebrough patent of 1878. If these rights were maintained, the Company of which he is the head would have a virtual monopoly of the manufacture of incandescent lamps. The claim has been again adjudicated on through actions brought by him for infractions of both patents against sundry defendants, the trial of which occupied twenty-one days, exciting great interest in the scientific and commercial worlds. The result has been less favourable to Mr. Edison than on the previous occasion. In an exhaustive and luminous judgment, Mr. Justice Kay gave reasons, based on want of originality as regards the invention, and deficiencies in the specification, for invalidating Mr. Edison's claim to the sole manufacture of incandescent lamps in which the electric light is given out from carbon filaments burning *in vacuo*. Evidence which had not been adduced in last year's trial contributed to lead him to this conclusion, and so far he decided in favour of the defendants. On the other hand, he decided in favour of the plaintiff by confirming his exclusive claim to the adaptation in the Chesebrough patent of the carbon filament used in incandescent lamps, and this adaptation, if not absolutely indispensable, is of the greatest practical utility. The Attorney-General led for the plaintiffs, the Edison and Swan United Electric Light Company, and Sir Horace Davey for the various defendants.

LORD COLERIDGE and a special jury have been trying an action brought to test the validity of a will executed by an Italian organ-grinder and, at least nominal, Roman Catholic, at Nottingham, in which he left the guardianship of his children, under age, to Canon Douglass, of the Roman Catholic Church in that town, who, at the testator's request, had drawn up the will for him. The origin of the action was the claim of one of the testator's daughters, a Protestant (supported financially by the Corporation of Nottingham), to have the custody of a little sister who was being brought up by nuns as a Roman Catholic. Ultimately, her claim was made to rest on the allegation that undue influence had been exerted on the testator by Canon Douglass. Lord Coleridge summed up strongly in favour of the validity of the will, and this was affirmed by the verdict of the jury.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION affecting the ornamentation of graves has most reluctantly been given by the Court of Appeal in the case—reported in this column when it came before the Divisional Court—of a Lancashire working man, who placed over the grave of a daughter a wreath of artificial flowers in a glass case, the glass being protected by galvanised iron wire, the whole structure being not more than fifteen inches high. The Lancaster Burial Board removed it, on the singular ground, not only that it was unsightly, but that it was dangerous to the men employed in the burial-ground. The owner of the grave appealed to the County Court, and a decision was given in his favour. The Divisional Court, however, reversed this decision, and the plaintiff having come to the Court of Appeal they gave judgment against him on purely legal grounds. These were that the Act of Parliament bestows only the right to inter and to erect over the grave a tablet, grave-stone, or monument, and that any floral or other ornamentation can be prohibited by the Burial Board, in whom the statute vests a general power of control, and from whose decisions there is no appeal. But Lord Esher animadverted strongly on the conduct of the Lancaster Burial Board in preventing the plaintiff from doing what could be done, he said, in any other cemetery in Europe. He could not understand how what the plaintiff had done should have excited anything but sympathy, and he had never heard anything more preposterous than the allegation that it was dangerous to the grown-up men who had to dig the graves.

A NOVEL POINT, apparently, in the interpretation of the Factory and Workshops Act was raised on Mr. Tom Jay, a member of the well-known Regent Street firm, being summoned in the Marlborough Street Police Court for an infraction of the Act in employing six young women after 4 P.M. on a recent Saturday. It was urged for the defence that the girls worked after four of their own free will, and without being asked, in order to complete mourning goods wanted immediately. Surely, as this was a free country, they could stay, if they wished, and complete the orders. If they had taken the work to their own homes no one could have interfered with them. The magistrate thought that an offence had been committed, but he would be glad to grant a case for a Superior Court, and the summons was adjourned for a fortnight that the defendant might decide in the interval whether he wished a case to be stated or not.

ON THE NOTORIOUS MRS. GORDON BAILLIE, with her reputed husband Frost, and their alleged confederate Gigner, being brought up this week on remand at the Westminster Police Court, evidence was given in support of several new charges of fraud. The prisoners were again remanded, bail being refused for Mrs. Baillie and Frost.

JACKSON, the "Manchester murderer," was tried in that city on Wednesday, found guilty, and sentenced to death.



CRICKET.—The Kangaroo's tail is up, the Lion's tail is between his legs, for, for the second time, an Australian Eleven has defeated the full strength of England. The circumstances were much the same on both occasions. As in 1882, this week's match was played on a very sticky wicket, and, as in 1882, the Englishmen had in their second innings what would have been on an ordinary wicket an easy task, but which became against the bowling of Turner and Ferris (as six years ago against Spofforth) an utter impossibility. Australia made 116 (McDonnell and Bonnor 22 each, Edwards 21, not out) and 60 (Ferris 20, not out, Turner 12); while England could only manage 53 (Briggs 17) and 62 ("W. G." 24). Thus the Colonists were victorious by 61 runs. For them, Turner took ten wickets for 63, and Ferris eight for 45; for England, Peel, with eight for 50, and Lohmann, with six for 61, did most execution. It is to be hoped that the other representative matches (at Manchester and the Oval) will be favoured with better weather.

Previously to the great match the Australians had heavily defeated a so-called "Eleven of England" by an innings and 135 runs. Turner did a great performance in the first innings, by taking nine wickets for 15 runs.

Harrow scored a popular though unexpected victory over Eton on Saturday. In the first innings the Dark Blues scored only 80 against their opponents' 106, but in the second, thanks to the batting of their two bowlers, Hoare (108) and Jackson (59), they knocked out 234, to which Eton could only respond with 52, Goad (22) and Gilroy (14) alone making any show against the bowling

of Jackson who took eleven wickets in the match for 68 runs. For Eton, H. W. Studd maintained the family honours by taking four wickets for 99 runs—a very fine performance. In other school matches, Charterhouse imitated Harrow by beating Westminster after being behind on the first innings, and Cheltenham inflicted an innings' defeat on Marlborough. At the Oval, last week, the Players amply revenged themselves for their defeat at Lord's by beating the Gentlemen by an innings and 39 runs. Briggs (29) was the highest scorer for his side, and also bowled very well, as did Peel and Barnes; while for the Amateurs Mr. W. W. Read (33 and 9), and Mr. Woods (five wickets for 58) did best in their respective departments. The return match between Ladies and Gentlemen connected with the theatrical world duly came off on Monday, when the ladies won easily. In justice to their opponents it should be mentioned that besides batting left-handed and with broomsticks they were compelled to field and bowl left-handed as well, so that they were pretty well handicapped.

THE TURF.—The Epsom authorities have not had to wait long to reap the fruits of their generosity with regard to the Derby and Oaks. For the Derby of 1890 238 entries have been received, a number far in excess of those of recent years, while the ladies' race has attracted 171, also a great increase.

Of new race-meetings there is no end. The latest is that held last week in the Duke of Hamilton's beautiful park near Glasgow. It had a very successful commencement, and has already been christened the "Sandown of Scotland." Wild West II. had the honour of opening the ball there by winning the Inauguration Plate for Mr. Jameson; Galore easily secured the principal event, the Hamilton Park Stakes; and Beilby won the Brandon Selling Plate. Next day Flower o' May won the Montrose Handicap, Black Pearl the Craigsides Selling Plate, and Zest the Arran Plate. At Newton on Thursday the principal event was the Manor Cup, which Radius secured for Mr. W. J. Legh. The same owner's Ronda won the Golborne Park Stakes, and Lyddington landed the Makerfield Handicap Plate for Mr. J. T. Whipp. Mr. Whipp's Yarm was successful in the Great Newton Cup next day, Radius being unplaced. The Grand Stand Plate fell to Tamberlik, and the Lyme Park Stakes to Dryad II., both offspring of Robert the Devil.

Meetings were held this week at Lichfield and Great Yarmouth. At the former Scottish Minstrel won the Lichfield Welter Handicap, while Mr. Abington steered Kingsdene to victory in the Ingestre Welter Plate, and Musk in the Whittington Selling Hunters' Plate. He scored again on Musk next day in the Elford Hunters' Plate, and his Isleworth secured the County Members' Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate. At Yarmouth Mirage and Petroleum respectively won the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap and the Harbour Plate on Tuesday, and the Hastings Welter Handicap and the Marine Selling Plate on the following day. Alto won the Great Yarmouth Two-Year-Old Stakes, and Castlenock the Great Yarmouth Handicap, while Buveuse won the Gorleston Two-Year-Old Stakes.

LAWN TENNIS.—On Thursday last, for the first time since 1880, Mr. W. Renshaw suffered defeat in a Wimbledon Championship Competition. His victor on this occasion was the rising Irish player, Mr. W. J. Hamilton, who, assisted by the heaviness of the court, defeated the ex-Champion by three sets to one. Next day, however, Mr. Ernest Renshaw revenged his brother, and on Saturday he defeated Mr. Lewis in the final round of the All-Comers. A close match was expected between him and Mr. Lawford in the Championship round on Monday, but the stickiness of the court was against the Champion, and he did not score a set. Thus, for the first time Mr. Ernest Renshaw has secured the title so long held by his brother.

ROWING.—The Thames R.C., which has rarely been stronger than it is this year, repeated its Henley successes at the Metropolitan and Moulsey Regattas. At the latter, Leander again had to acknowledge itself vanquished.—Mr. Guy Nickalls (Magdalen College, Oxford) won the Wingfield Sculls on Monday, beating, as last year, Mr. Gardner (Emmanuel College, Cambridge).

MISCELLANEOUS.—Cummings, though apparently lame, beat George in a mile race on Saturday.—A. Wharton, the sprinter and football-player, has become a professional, but failed in his first attempt to carry off a Sheffield Handicap, which was won by Cutting.—Only three southern clubs (Old Carthusians, Old Westminster, and Swifts) are included among the clubs specially selected to take part under the new system in the Football Association Cup Competition.—On Friday last Mr. James Selby, for a heavy wager, drove the "Old Times" coach from London to Brighton and back (108 miles) in 7 h. 50 min. Horses were changed sixteen times, 47 sec. being the shortest period in which the ostlers performed their work.



THE LULL IN RURAL AFFAIRS, after the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Nottingham, allows the subject of the weather to be fully considered. Reports accumulate as to the unparalleled character of the present season, frost and snow being recorded last week, as well as the winds and floods that often have marked the month of July. As to the hay harvest, it is mostly given up as a great national loss, although the bulk grown far exceeded early expectations. Probably 4,000 to 5,000 growers have saved in silos, or preserved in ensilage stacks, the forage crops that 100,000 of their neighbours have seen deteriorated quite half in value from the washing rains, and in futile attempts to make grass into hay without sunshine. The year 1888 has greatly emphasised the value of the ensilage system, relative to which a sundial in the Nottingham Show-Yard bore this inscription:—

When to make ensilage my SHADOWS say;
Whilst SUNSHINE on my face says, "Make your hay."

THE IMPLEMENTS exhibited were of great variety and perfection. Amongst new implements, four were awarded the silver medals of the Society; these were Priestman's Petroleum Engine, a motor of great interest, and Messrs. Whitmore and Binyon's machine for purifying middlings; the "Jersey Creamer," Thys and Lockyer also obtained the medal distinction, and the American fruit evaporator of Messrs. Allen and Robinson was recommended for trial. The principle of digging land by machinery instead of ploughing it had two notable examples—the Broadside Digger of Darby, and the Traction Engine, with digging machinery attached, exhibited by Proctor. Both implements are recognised as being of high value, but, from some of the red-tape regulations of the Society, no medals were awarded to the two diggers. Either one alone might have obtained the coveted award, but through being two they became less than one! as medals are not bestowed when one principle is illustrated by two or more machines. Probably next year at Windsor prizes may be given specially to competitive diggers on trial.

THE PRIZES given for presses, that were tried for several days in the forage-yard, resulted in Mr. Ladd of London obtaining the first prize. There were several entries, and the trials were much criticised. The machine showed by Messrs. Barford and Perkins of

Peterborough, although only highly commended, was accepted by many practical farmers as being one of the best in the yard, for, if its cost exceeded some others, it was very strongly made, and economised labour, the cost of which should soon reimburse the buyer for his extra labour. The Howard Hay-Press was also admired, and probably will make its way, whether decorated by the Royal or not; whilst the Ransome Straw-Trusser, Mayo's patent, suitable to receive straw from a threshing-machine, or work separately, was accepted as a valuable addition to the implements of the farm.

THE ENSILAGE STACKING SYSTEMS were well represented, both by drawings in the Society's Stand, 337, and in full-size machinery about the yard, on the inventors' own sections. Johnson's wire rope machinery, Reynolds' chain and screw pressure, Pearson's roller-water system, Wilson's hydraulic-jack apparatus, and many others were there to illustrate the methods of saving early forage crops in such a season as the present, or in ordinary seasons the second-cut crops or aftermath, which can seldom be ever made into hay.—A shilling book on "Stock Ensilage," published by Walter Scott, Warwick Lane, E.C., is a valuable *vade mecum* on the subject and is recommended by the Hon. Sec. of the Ensilage Society.

THE BISHOP OF ADELAIDE'S SERMON, in the great tent, on Sunday, the 8th inst., to the herdsmen and others, was well attended, so that the church meeting overflowed outside the crowded marquee. The President, many members of the Council, Lord and Lady Middleton, and friends joined in this Church Service, and a choir of the Nottingham Gordon Boys' Home aided in the effect of well-selected hymn tunes.

CHILLED-IRON PLOUGHS, by various makers, showed that this make is rapidly being patronised. Most of the best English firms had specimens, those of the American firms bearing the inscription, "Oliver gave the world the chilled plough." In these ploughs the points and wearing parts of the share are separate and of an interchangeable pattern; war and peace thus in rifles and plough-shares follow the same methods.

THE RECENT ACT OF PARLIAMENT, relative to sales of stock by weight, has stimulated makers of balances. Railed platforms on balances suitable for market places were shown, and Messrs. Ball and Co. had a novelty in a weighing-cart, which was a strong vehicle adapted to hold some thirty cwt. of goods, and which had the addition of a mechanical arrangement by which the body of the cart was lifted, and a balance-scale registered the weight. Much attention was given to this cart, and probably the principle will be followed and improved.

THE PRIZE FARMS are always agricultural shrines to which pilgrim-farmers resort, and as the chief winning occupations were close to Nottingham, many visitors went to see the excellently managed farms of two brothers—Messrs. Machin—who had the rare honour to keep in the same family the first and second prizes of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Some of the critics who viewed these farms were irritated to learn that the authorities of the Society had desired the winners *not* to communicate certain particulars as to their management, until after the issue, in October next, of the Society's own Journal, in which details would be given! It is doubtful, however, whether, in October, the English public of several hundred thousands will have much to be told, since the press will be far behind its ordinary enterprise and power of obtaining early information if all details of these Prize Farms are not given within the next few days. It is a new departure of the Society thus to attempt to gag the mouths of farmers.

THE TUG OF WAR between the members of the Metropolitan Police force and those of the locality took place, for a prize kindly given, on Saturday after the Show. Some two-score stalwart arms, on each side, tugged at the stout, strong rope; and for quite thirty seconds the red mark on the line was stationary, under an equal strain. Finally, the strongest pull was made by the men of Nottingham. It seemed to us that it was the "Nottingham Boots" that won—they stuck better in the grass, and the men had the best fulcrum.

HORSE-SHOEING COMPETITIONS, the bee-driving practice, and the dairy developments of the present day were undoubtedly some of the most popular of all the sections of the Royal Show. The "Baby-Separator," which has obtained first prizes at several shows for the Dairy Supply Company, was quite the queen of dairy exhibits, and brought together crowds to witness how it separated cream from milk.

THE ABSENCE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES showed the extent of his popularity at these Agricultural Shows, of which the developed success is regarded as certain when "the Prince" comes.

THE SOCIETIES FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, both in England and America, who cannot find sufficient ghosts at home, might try China. Just now, Canton is greatly disturbed by the pranks of a *Nik-ting Kuai*—a being who "has absorbed the spirit of the dead," so the *Norih China Herald* tells us. Any one who feels malicious towards his fellow-creatures can become one of these unpleasant spirits by following a certain routine. He must lie down for forty-nine days beneath an unburied coffin containing a dead man, neither looking at the sun nor eating cooked food, though he may move about at night, gaze freely at the moon, and eat raw fruit or vegetables. At the close of this period he asks the spirit of the dead to help him, and if he hears a voice reply from the coffin, he takes off his clothes, buries them in the cemetery, and forthwith becomes invisible. Then he can pass unseen everywhere and work as much mischief as he pleases, while he can resume his ordinary shape at any time by putting on his clothes. There is one drawback, the *Nik-ting Kuai* must die at the end of three years.

WEATHER IN EUROPE this summer has shown some remarkable extremes. While England, Scotland, France, Germany, and Austria have suffered bitterly from unseasonable cold and wet, Norway has enjoyed a lovely summer, and Greece has been almost suffocated with heat. A week or two ago the temperature was higher within the Arctic Circle than in London. In the Peloponnesus hot winds have scorched the vines, and ruined a large portion of the currant crop, in Athens the temperature has reached 99 deg. in the shade after sunset, and many persons have died from the heat, both in the capital and the provinces. Now the heat has suddenly subsided, to be followed by snow in Macedonia. To pass from Europe, this heat-wave seems to have previously affected Calcutta, where the thermometer reached the highest point ever known—108 deg., exceeding by 2 deg. the preceding maximum—106 deg. in 1879. Curiously enough this last hottest summer in India was the season which most nearly approaches 1888 in the experiences of cold and wet in our own country. At Suakim the heat has been almost intolerable, the temperature registering 120 deg. Several deaths occurred from heat apoplexy, including three on board the British gunboat *Dolphin*. Again, the New World has just experienced an Arctic wave after great heat. Last week in New England five inches of snow fell on Mount Washington, while in the White Mountains the mercury dropped to eight degrees below freezing-point, the lowest record known in July. At the Cape, also, no such bad weather and violent rains have occurred since 1845. The correspondent of a contemporary notes that "88" is a fatal number for weather, and cites the summers of 1588—the Armada year—1688 and 1788—the latter being followed by a very severe winter.

Once Beauty bore a sunshade large
To shield her soft white skin,
And o'er her charming
features fair
An envious veil did pin.

But now in old Sol's burning rays
She dares to sweetly slumber,
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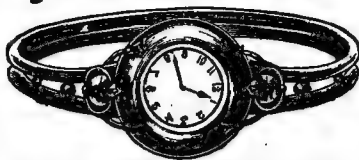
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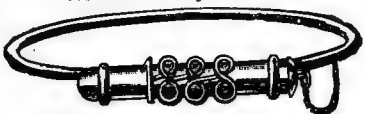
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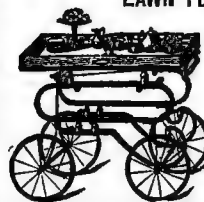
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THE TERCENTENARY

OF THE

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

1588 WRITTEN BY W. LAIRD CLOWES 1888

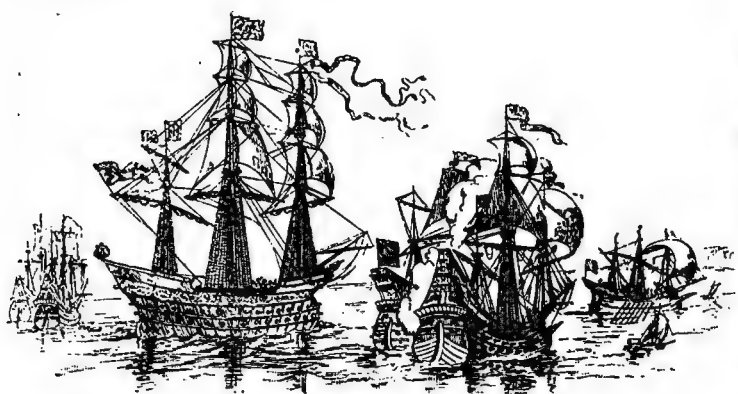
THE causes which led to the attempted invasion of England in 1588 by Philip II. of Spain were very numerous and very complicated; but, contrary to what seems to have been the general belief during the last two hundred years, religious hatred was not the chief of them. The Spanish Armada was no Roman Catholic crusade against Protestantism. If England had been conquered, its re-conversion to Roman Catholicism would no doubt have followed; and, no doubt, the sympathies of Pope Sixtus, as an individual, accompanied the hosts of the Most Catholic King: but it may safely be said that, if religious differences had been the only ones that existed between Philip and Elizabeth, the Armada would never have been projected.

Chief among the real causes of quarrel between the two Sovereigns were the acts of war that had been committed in a time of nominal peace by English against Spanish subjects, the various conspiracies against Elizabeth's life and throne in which Philip had been an accomplice, and the protection which, in 1585, Elizabeth had formally extended to Philip's revolted possessions in the Netherlands. It was in 1585 that Drake, with Elizabeth's countenance, sacked St. Jago, stormed St. Domingo and Carthagena, and would have seized Panama had not an outbreak of fever on board his fleet warned him to return home. The voyage produced booty valued at 60,000*l.*, and two hundred pieces of cannon, and, though it was not so successful as it might have been, it so much alarmed the Spaniards that from that moment Philip seems to have determined to attempt retaliatory measures on a formidable scale. Indeed, if the state of the Spanish treasury had admitted of immediate action, it is likely that steps would at once have been taken to despatch an Armada. But lack of funds gave time for Philip's first wrath to cool; and then he began to ask himself what he should do with England if he conquered it. Mary of Scotland was still living; and, if Elizabeth were deposed, Mary would naturally succeed her: but Philip wanted the crown for himself. The execution of Mary on February 1st, 1587, relieved him of this difficulty, and decided him to hasten on his preparations for striking a destructive blow at the power of Elizabeth.

It was already known in England that Philip meditated making a descent upon these shores, and that he had collected a considerable number of ships of war and transports at Cadiz and elsewhere. Early in 1587, therefore, the English Government determined, if possible, to nip the growing danger in the bud; for it was



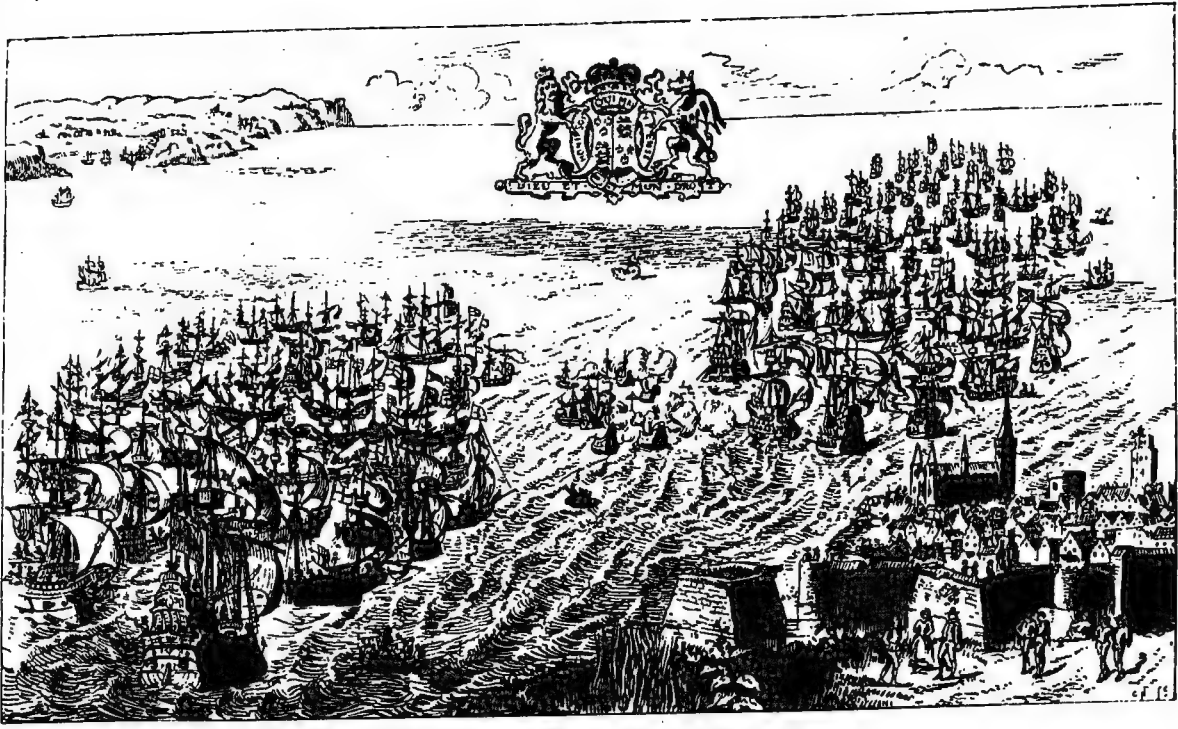
SIR WALTER RALEIGH



TYPES OF SPANISH SHIPS, 1588



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH FLEETS, OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT
After a Tapestry in the Old House of Lords

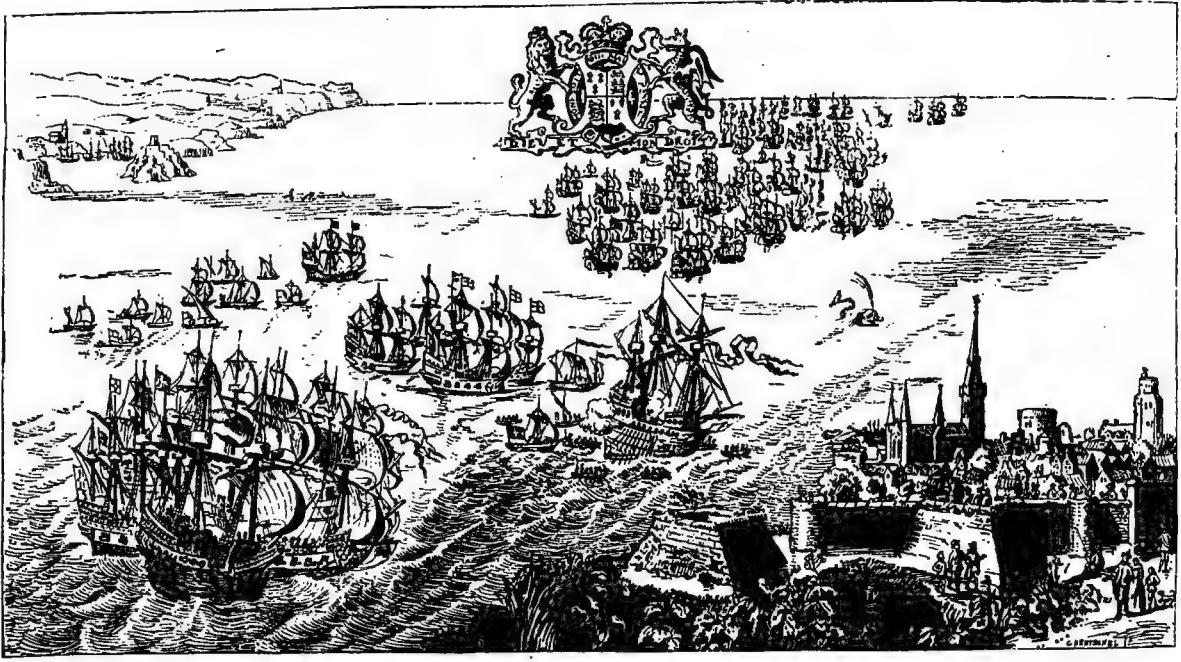


THE ARMADA ATTACKED BY ENGLISH FIRESHIPS OFF CALAIS
From a Tapestry in the Old House of Lords

felt by all that the execution of the Queen of Scots could not fail to bring matters to a speedy crisis. Drake was given command of a squadron which consisted of the *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, his flagship, the *Lion*, carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir William Burroughs, the *Rainbow*, Captain Bellingham, and the *Dreadnought*, Captain Thomas Fenner, together with two pinnaces, and twenty-four hired armed-ships, equipped by the London merchants. This squadron was fitted out at Plymouth, and sailed thence on April 2nd.

Before it had gained an offing, down came a messenger from the Queen. He followed Drake with intelligence that Philip had expressed a desire for peace, and that, therefore, nothing was to be done to exasperate Spain: but he did not catch the Admiral, who, on April 16th, was near Gibraltar. On the 19th he was off Cadiz.

The harbour, which was thoroughly fortified, was full of shipping. Without the least hesitation Drake sailed in between the batteries, sank or disabled six galleys which opposed him, and destroyed or burnt nearly a hundred vessels laden with provisions and munitions of war. From Cadiz he sailed to St. Vincent, doing further damage by the way, and from St. Vincent to the mouth of the Tagus, where a still larger division of the Armada lay. He was off Cascais when the orders which had been sent to Plymouth at last reached him. He would have liked to go in and burn the Spanish ships, but the new orders deterred him. He contented himself with



BOARDING THE SPANISH VESSELS AFTER THE ACTION



CHART SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE ARMADA ROUND ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND
THE TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

sending a challenge to the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the Spanish Admiral.

He next sailed to Corunna, where he sank and burned more ships, and thence to the Azores, off which he captured an East India carrack, the *San Felipe*, that is said to have been worth a fabulous sum. With the contents of his prize he returned to England in the summer.

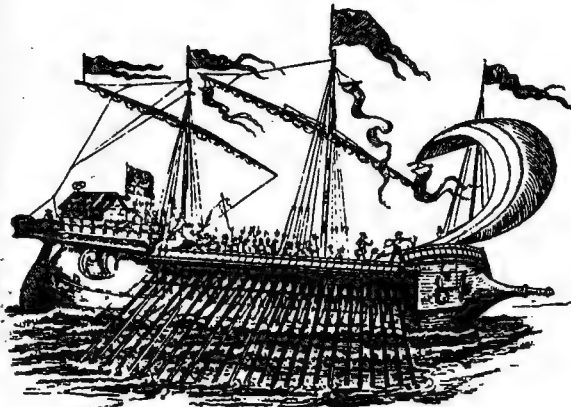
Drake, as Burchett says, "had done the King of Spain very great damage, yet so universal and vast a preparation as he was making against England was not so easily to be defeated." Philip, in fact, redoubled his activity; and with such speed did he repair his disasters that, had his directions for the concentration of his forces been carried out, the Armada could have left the Tagus in September, 1587. The various squadrons were directed to meet at Lisbon, but various delays occurred, and when they did meet, the expedition was further delayed by the death of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, who was to have commanded it.

Santa Cruz had gained great distinction at the Battle of Lepanto, and was a competent officer. The man who was chosen to succeed him was utterly without experience, his chief recommendation being the magnificence of his family and connections. He was, however, brave and conscientious; and to the best of his ability he acquitted himself of the task confided to him.

The plan of the campaign was that the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, the new commander-in-chief, should enter the Channel, obtain thorough command of it and of the Straits of Dover, and then assist the Duke of Parma, who had 30,000 men with

him in the Netherlands, to cross to England and effect a landing. To carry out this scheme, in the face of a plucky and united enemy of nearly equal force, was a task that demanded far greater abilities than Medina-Sidonia possessed. It was a work that should never have been entrusted to him.

When, on May 29th, 1588, the Armada at length left its moorings in the River Tagus, it consisted of 132 vessels, 94 of which are said to have been of 100 tons burden and upwards. It was commanded, as has been said, by Don Alfonso Perez de Guzman, Duke of Medina-Sidonia, who hoisted his flag in the *San Martino*. Under him were Don Juan Martinez de Recalde, Vice-Admiral, and commander of the squadron of Biscay, Don Diego Florez de Valdez, commander of the squadron of Castile, Don Pedro de Valdez, commander of the squadron of Andalusia, Don Miguel de Oquendo, commander of the squadron of Guipuzcoa, Don Martinez de Vertendona, commander of the Eastern squadron, Don Juan Lopez de Medina, commander of the Hulks, Don Antonio de Mendoza, commander of the small craft (zabras and pataches), Don Hugo de Moncada, commander of the gal-lies of Naples, Don Diego de Medrana, commander of the Portuguese galleys, Don Alonso da Leyva, commander of the expeditionary troops, and Don Pedro Calderon, who acted as Captain of the Fleet and Pilot-General. The following is a general analysis of the force:—



A SPANISH GALLEY



PHILIP II., OF SPAIN, BY ROSE



QUEEN ELIZABETH, BY F. ZUCCHERO

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

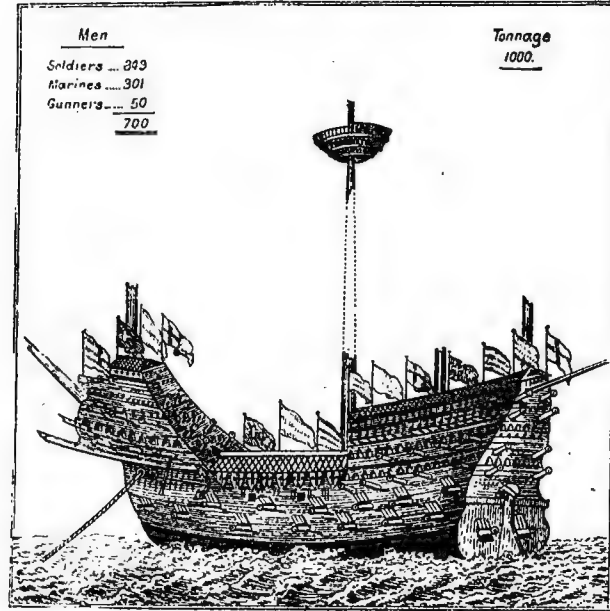


CHARLES HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM, EARL OF NOTTINGHAM
After J. Houbraken

	No. of Ships.	Tonnage.	Guns.	Sailors.	Soldiers
Medina-Sidonia's Squadron	14	7,739	389	1,244	3,086
Biscayan	14	5,861	302	906	2,117
Castilian	16	8,061	474	1,793	2,924
Andalusian	11	8,446	315	776	2,368
Guipuzcoan	14	7,201	296	608	2,120
Eastern	10	8,612	319	844	2,792
Hulks	21	10,960	466	950	3,500
Small Craft	24	2,092	204	746	1,461
Neapolitan Gallies	4	200	—	477	744
Portuguese Gallies	4	200	—	424	440
	132	59,292	2,765	8,866	21,552

Of the above, not more than seventy-two ships can be reckoned as effective fighting vessels. The remainder were either very small, or served chiefly as store ships and transports.

Mr. J. K. Laughton, R.N., in the course of a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, has very seasonably pointed out that it is an error to suppose that the Spanish Fleet was greatly superior to the English. All the Spanish ships were bad sailers, the larger ones being in this respect particularly defective, mainly on account of their disproportionate height out of the water. Had they ever been able to get into close conflict with our vessels, this peculiarity would have given them a considerable advantage; but, our ships sailing well, we were able to accept or avoid action as we liked. Nor either in crews or armament was the Spanish Fleet equal to the English. It carried more men, but fewer practical seamen. It also carried more guns; but the guns were, upon the average, of smaller calibre than ours. Thus, for example, while the ship of Don Pedro de Valdez, a vessel of 1,150 (some say 1,550) tons, threw a broadside weighing only 195 pounds, Frobisher's ship, the *Triumph*, a vessel of slightly less burden, threw a broadside weighing about 404 pounds. The same relative proportion seems to have ruled throughout the two fleets. It is important to bear the fact in mind, for it explains much that otherwise would appear almost miraculous in the chronicle of the events of July, 1588.



AN ENGLISH WARSHIP OF THE 16TH CENTURY, THE
"HENRI GRACE À DIEU," BUILT 1514

After leaving Lisbon the Armada steered northwards; but it was very soon overtaken by a storm, which obliged it to put into Corunna. All the fleet, except four ships, reached that harbour. According to some old writers, in three of the missing ships, the English, French, and Turkish galley-slaves, led by a Welshman named David Gwynne took advantage of the confusion occasioned by the storm, overpowered the Spaniards, and carried the vessels into Bayonne; but there is apparently no evidence to support this story, and it is known that at least one of the galleys in question subsequently returned to Spain.

In the mean time, Queen Elizabeth had not been wholly idle. At the first news of the approaching departure of the Armada from Lisbon, she had grudgingly fitted out a fleet, giving the command of it to Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England, and had ordered him to repair to the westward. Lord Howard had Sir Francis Drake as his Vice-Admiral. A second squadron of forty English and Dutch ships, most of which were hired or lent merchant-vessels, had been entrusted to Lord Henry Seymour, who had been directed to watch the coast of Flanders, so as to hinder the Duke of Parma from joining hands with the great fleet of Spain. Other vessels had been assigned for the protection of the mouth of the Thames; and 76,000 infantry, two-thirds of whom were old soldiers, and 3,000 horse, had been collected for the defence of the coast. But the news of the dispersion of the Armada, after leaving Lisbon, led the Queen and Walsingham to believe that the long-threatened invasion would not be attempted until the year 1589, and induced them to order Howard to send back some of his largest ships into port. Fortunately, Howard was of another mind. He pointed out that to act upon mere report in a matter of such grave importance was

(Continued on page 74)



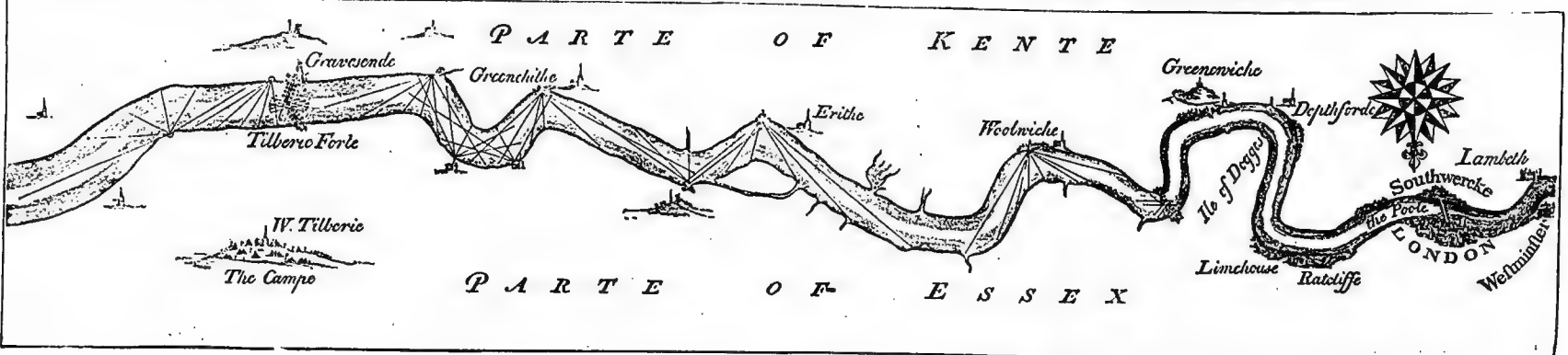
GOLD MEDAL OF ELIZABETH 1588-9
Probably intended as a Naval Reward



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE



PIECE STRUCK AT MIDDLEBURG BY ORDER OF PRINCE MAURICE
To Commemorate the Destruction of the Armada



PROPOSED WORKS FOR THE DEFENCES OF THE RIVER THAMES, 1588
THE TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"You will all be sorry to lose Miss Cheffington, shall you not, Mrs. Hadlow?"

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

CHAPTER III.

THE Simpsons were old friends of Mrs. Dobbs. Mr. Simpson was organist of the largest parish church in Oldchester, where his father had been organist before him. To this circumstance he owed his singular Christian name. The elder Simpson, whose musical enthusiasm had run all into one channel, insisted on naming his son Sebastian Bach. Some men would have felt this to be a disadvantage for the profession of organist and music-teacher, as involving a suggestion of ridicule. But Mr. Sebastian Bach Simpson was not apt to be diffident about any distinguishing characteristic of his own. His wife had been a governess, and still gave daily lessons in sundry respectable Oldchester families. By an arrangement begun during her late husband's lifetime, this couple came every Saturday evening to sup with Mrs. Dobbs, and to play a game of whist for penny points before the meal.

The two guests entered the parlour just as Mr. Weatherhead was lighting the candles.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Simpson, "are we too early? I had no idea! Surely the choir practice was not over earlier than usual, Bassy?"

She was a large stout woman of forty, with a pink-and-white complexion and filmy brown curls; and she wore spectacles. She had once been very slim and pretty, and still retained a certain girlishness of demeanour. It has been said that a man is as old as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks. Mrs. Simpson had innocently usurped the masculine privilege; and, not feeling herself to be either wiser or less trivial than she was at eighteen, had never thought of trying to bring her manners into harmony with her appearance. Her husband was a short, dark man, with quick black eyes, and thick, stubby, black hair. His voice was singularly rasping and dissonant, which seemed an unfortunate incongruity in a professor of music. Such as he was, however, his wife had a great admiration for him, and considered his talents to be remarkable. Her marriage, she was fond of saying, had been a love-match, and she had never got beyond the romantic stage of her attachment.

"Good evening, Mrs. Dobbs," said the organist, advancing to shake hands, and taking no notice of his wife's inquiry.

"How are you, Weatherhead? I suppose you are napping—having forty winks in the twilight, eh?"

"No; Mr. Weatherhead and I were chatting," said Mrs. Dobbs.

"Chatting in this kind of blind man's holiday, were you? I should have thought you could hardly see to talk!"

"See to talk! Oh Bassy, what an expression! You do say the drollest things!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpson with a giggle.

"Doesn't he, Mrs. Dobbs? Did you ever hear—?"

Mrs. Dobbs, for all reply, hospitably stirred the fire until it blazed, helped Mrs. Simpson to remove her bonnet and cloak, and placed her in a chair near her own. Mr. Simpson took his accustomed seat, and the four persons drew round the fire, whilst Martha, Mrs. Dobbs's middle-aged servant, set out a little card-table, and disposed the candles on it in two old-fashioned, spindle-shanked, silver candlesticks. It was all done according to long-established custom, which was seldom deviated from in any particular.

"And how are you, dear Mrs. Dobbs?" asked Mrs. Simpson, taking her hostess's hand between both her own. "And dear May—where's May?"

"May has been away from home on a visit since yesterday morning. She won't come back before Monday."

"And may one ask where she is? It is not, I presume, a Mystery of Udolpho?"

"She is at the Hadlows."

"The Hadlows? Canon Hadlow's?" cried Mrs. Simpson, clasping her hands into a gesture of amazement. Then she added rather inconsistently, "Well, I'm not surprised. I know they have lately taken a great deal of notice of her. Miss Hadlow and she having been at school together of course created an intimacy which—ah, the friendships of early youth, where they are genuine, have a warmth, a charm—"

"Now, Amelia!" interposed her husband's rasping voice. (This ejaculation was his habitual manner of recalling Mrs. Simpson's attention to the matter in hand, whatever it might be; for the good lady's mind was discursive.) "If you'll be kind enough to leave off your nonsense, we can begin our game. Come and cut for partners."

An earnest whist player would have been outraged by the performances of the four persons who met weekly in Mrs. Dobbs's parlour. They chatted, they mis-dealt, they even revoked sometimes; and they overlooked each other's misdemeanours with unscrupulous laxity. In a word, they regarded the noble game of whist merely as a means and not as an end, and were scandalously

bent on amusing themselves regardless of Hoyle. The only one of the party who had any pretensions to play tolerably was Mr. Weatherhead. But even his attention was always to be diverted from his cards by a new piece of gossip. And perhaps it was as well that he did not take the game too much to heart—especially on the present occasion; for the fair Amelia fell to his lot as a partner, and her performances with the cards were calculated to drive a zealous player into a nervous fever.

The first hand or two proceeded in decorous silence. But by degrees the players began to talk, throwing out first detached sentences, and at last boldly entering into general conversation.

"Bassy had a great deal of trouble with the choir this evening," said Mrs. Simpson plaintively. "The sopranos were so inattentive! And inattention is so particularly—oh dear, I beg pardon, I have a diamond! Well, it does not much matter, for we couldn't have made the odd trick in any case."

"A nice business at Sheffield with those Trades Unions," said Mr. Weatherhead. "Some severe measures ought to be taken; but they won't be. That's what your precious Liberalism comes to!—Your lead, Simpson."

"Nonsense about Liberalism, Jo Weatherhead," replied Mrs. Dobbs. "I believe you'd like to accuse the Liberals of the bad weather. There!—Did you ever see such a hand? One trump! and that fell. Mrs. Simpson playing out her knave misled me."

"Oh, if you reckon on Amelia's having any sufficient motive for playing one card more than another—," exclaimed Amelia's husband. "Have you heard, Mrs. Dobbs, that Mr. Bransby is getting better?"

"What Bransby is that?" asked Mr. Weatherhead, thrusting his head forward inquiringly.

"Cadell and Bransby, Solicitors to the Dean and Chapter."

"Oho! He has been ill then?"

"Very ill. But I hear he was pronounced out of danger on Wednesday."

"Is it not good news?" cried Mrs. Simpson. "Such a misfortune for his young family. I mean if he had died, you know."

"But I suppose he's a warm man, isn't he? Cadell and Bransby—it's a fine business, isn't it?" asked Mr. Weatherhead.

"It had need be," rejoined the organist, "to maintain that tribe of boys and girls, and an extravagant young wife into the bargain."

"Oh, Bassy, but they are such pretty children. And Mrs. Bransby is so truly elegant and interesting. All her bonnets come from Paris, I am told. And, indeed, there is a certain style—Eh? You *don't* mean to say that spades are trumps? What a disappointment! I thought I had all four honours."

This ingenuous speech might have called forth some remonstrance from Mrs. Simpson's partner, but that the latter was too much interested in the subject of the Bransbys to attend to it.

"The eldest son is provided for by his mother's fortune, isn't he?" he inquired.

"Well,—provided for; I don't know that it is very much. But it was all tightly settled. Otherwise Bransby's second marriage would have been a greater misfortune for the young man than it is," replied the organist.

"I don't see that it is any misfortune at all," observed Mrs. Dobbs. "Theodore Bransby is quite well enough off for a young fellow. And why shouldn't his father marry again if he liked it?"

"He is an extremely gentlemanlike young man, is Mr. Theodore Bransby," said Mrs. Simpson. "I have been imparting daily instruction to the younger children, and I saw him rather frequently when he was at home during the University vacation. He is now reading for the Bar, you know, and I believe—Was that *your* knave, Mr. Weatherhead? Really! Then I have thrown away my queen. However," smiling amiably, "one can but take the trick. I believe that Mr. Theodore Bransby means to go into Parliament later. There is really something of the statesman about him already. I think—a way of buttoning his coat to the chin, don't you know?"

"Is Theodore Bransby in Oldchester now?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, sorting her cards.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Simpson. "I wonder you didn't know, for he is a great deal at Canon Hadlow's. They say he's making up to Miss Hadlow."

"Oho! But there's Mrs. Hadlow's nephew, young Rivers," put in Mr. Weatherhead. "He's supposed to be dangling after his cousin, isn't he?"

"I should think young Rivers had better dangle after an employment that will give him bread and cheese. Miss Constance Hadlow won't have a penny."

"Oh, Bassy, but where there's real affection mercenary considerations must give way. True love—true love is above all!" As she uttered these words with great fervour, Mrs. Simpson flourished her arm enthusiastically, and in so doing swept off the table several coins which had served as counters to register her opponent's score. The silver discs rolled swiftly away into various inaccessible corners of the room, with the perversity usually observed in such cases. Fortunately the game had just come to an end, and Martha had announced that the supper was ready. This circumstance, and the fact that her husband was a winner, spared Mrs. Simpson a sharp reprimand.

Mr. Simpson uttered, indeed, a few sarcastic croaks. "Now, Amelia! There you go! Always up to some nonsense or other." But he watched Mr. Weatherhead and Martha, as they crawled about on hands and knees to recover the missing shillings and sixpences, with considerable equanimity, merely observing that Amelia ought to be ashamed of herself for giving so much trouble.

When the supper was set on the table, three of the party, at least, were in high good humour, and disposed to enjoy it. Mr. Simpson, had won, and was content. Mr. Weatherhead paid his losses without a murmur, conscious, no doubt, that they were due as much to his own wandering attention as to his partner's aberrations. As for Mrs. Simpson, the sweetness of her disposition was proof against far more souring circumstances than having spoiled Jo Weatherhead's game. She was not the least out of humour with him. Mrs. Dobbs alone was a little more silent and a little less genial than usual. The talk that evening with her old friend had awakened painful thoughts of the past and anxieties for the future. She very rarely mentioned her son-in-law's name, even to Mr. Weatherhead, who was thoroughly in her confidence; and, whenever she did speak of him, the result was invariably to irritate and depress her. However, her hospitable instincts roused her to shake off her cares in some degree, and to make her friends welcome to the fare set before them.

When the more substantial part of the supper was disposed of, and a jug of hot punch steamed on the board, Mrs. Simpson, delicately tapping with her teaspoon on the edge of her tumbler, observed, with an air at once penetrating and amiable, "Well, I'm sure it will be very gratifying to Mrs. Dormer-Smith when she hears that dear May has been invited to the Hadlows."

"H'm! I don't think Mrs. Dormer-Smith will lose her wits with joy," answered Mrs. Dobbs drily.

"No? Oh, but surely!—She *must* feel it agreeable that her niece should be noticed by persons of such eminent gentility."

Mrs. Dobbs would have dismissed the subject with a smile and a shake of the head, avoiding, as she always did, any discussion or even mention of her son-in-law's family; but Mr. Simpson interposed magisterially: "If Mrs. Dormer-Smith isn't gratified, it must be because she is ignorant of the position held by Canon Hadlow's family in Oldchester."

Mrs. Dobbs faced about upon this, and said bluntly, "My dear good man, all the best society of Oldchester put together would seem mighty small beer to Mrs. Dormer-Smith."

"Oh, really!" returned Mr. Simpson, mortified and incredulous. "Such a very fine lady, is she? Well, 'Dormer-Smith' doesn't sound very aristocratic; but it may be, of course."

"Mrs. Dormer-Smith is a fine lady, and accustomed to mix with still finer ladies. It's no use shutting one's eyes to facts. If we won't look at them we only bump up against them, because they're there, all the same. As to opinions, that's different. I suppose I needn't say anything about mine at this time of day. I'm a staunch Radical—always was, and always will be."

"Pooh, pooh! Call yourself a Radical!" said Mr. Weatherhead, laughing his peculiar laugh, which consisted of a series of guttural *ho, ho, ho's*. "You're convicted out of your own mouth of not being one. Whoever heard of a Radical that cared about facts?"

Mrs. Simpson put out her hand, and tapped him on the shoulder. "Now, now; that's very naughty of you," she exclaimed. "Politics are strictly forbidden on Saturday evenings by the ancient statutes of our society. Isn't it so, Mrs. Dobbs? I appeal to the chair." And she threatened Mr. Weatherhead playfully with her forefinger, at the same time casting an arch look through her spectacles. Glasses are not favourable to any effective play of the eyes, and usually screen the most expressive of glances behind a ghastly glitter, void of all speculation. But of this consideration Mrs. Simpson was habitually oblivious. Then, by way of turning the conversation into more agreeable channels, she continued, "And, *à propos* of May, dear Mrs. Dobbs, when did you last hear from her papa?"

This simple inquiry startled the company into absolute silence for a few moments. Mrs. Dobbs's resolute reserve on the subject of her son-in-law was so well known that none of her friends for several years past had ventured to mention him to her. Some refrained because they did not wish to hurt her; and many because they were afraid she might hurt them; for Mrs. Dobbs's uncompromising frankness of speech and force of character made her a hard hitter, when she did hit. But the specific levity of Mrs. Simpson's mind gave her a certain immunity from hard retorts—the immunity of a fly from a cannon ball. On the present occasion, however, she received no rebuke; for greatly to Jo Weatherhead's surprise, and somewhat to Mr. Simpson's, Mrs. Dobbs, after a brief

pause, answered, "I have not heard lately from Captain Cheffington. He is a bad correspondent. But we shall soon be obliged to communicate with each other. May is seventeen, and various arrangements will have to be made about her future."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpson, clasping her hands. "You don't mean to say that May isn't to remain with you?"

"That will depend on what is agreed on in the family. May must take her place in the world as Miss Cheffington, you know, and not as my granddaughter."

The Simpsons exchanged a glance of surprise. This was the first time they had heard Mrs. Dobbs assume any such position for her grandchild. Sebastian was inclined to resist her doing so now. But something in Mrs. Dobbs's manner checked him from expressing this feeling. It is generally found easier to criticise our friends' shortcomings when we are free from the disturbing element of their presence. The short remainder of the evening was passed in talking of other things. But on their way home Mr. and Mrs. Simpson discussed this new turn of affairs with some eagerness.

The organist considered that the notion of the Hadlows not being good enough company for the Dormer-Smiths was preposterous; and he feared that Mrs. Dobbs was giving herself airs. In reply to his wife's observations that Mrs. Dobbs was a "dear old soul," he pointed out that, dear and good though she might be, yet her husband had kept an ironmonger's shop, and publicly sold hardware therein behind his counter, to the knowledge of all Oldchester. This retort depended for its cogency on the understanding of an ellipsis; which, however, Mrs. Simpson was perfectly able to supply, for she answered immediately,

"Oh, I'm sure, Bassy, Mrs. Dobbs would never undervalue your position as a professional man. She knows very well that the Arts rank superior to trade."

On the other hand, when Mrs. Simpson proceeded to opine that if May were taken up by her father's family she would become quite a grand personage, Mr. Simpson declared, with a good deal of heat, that for his part he thought Mrs. Dobbs quite as good any day as the Cheffingtons, about whom nothing certain was known in Oldchester except that they were shabby in their dealings and "stuck-up" in their pretensions.

Mr. Weatherhead lingered behind the organist and his wife, to say a word to Mrs. Dobbs after their departure.

"I can tell you one thing, Sarah; what you said about May will be all over Oldchester by Monday."

"So I guess."

"O-ho? Then you mean it to be talked about?"

"I mean it to be known that May is to take her place in the world as Miss Cheffington."

"But is she? That's more than you can say, Sarah?"

"I shall have a try for it, Jo."

Now whenever Mrs. Dobbs had said in that emphatic manner that she would "have a try" for anything, that thing, so far as Jo Weatherhead's experience went, had infallibly come to pass. But with all his faith in his old friend, he could not help doubting her success in the present case. He was eagerly curious to know how she intended to proceed; but Mrs. Dobbs refused to say any more on the subject, declaring that she must think things over quietly.

"I don't see it," said Mr. Weatherhead to himself, poking forward his nose, and pursuing up his lips as he walked homeward. "Sarah Dobbs is a wonderful woman, but even she can't gather grapes from thorns. And in respect of justice or generosity—not to mention common honesty—I'm afraid all the Cheffingtons are rather thorny."

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG other features peculiar to itself, Oldchester possesses a quadrangular building with an inner cloister, commonly called College Quad. It is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral, and is divided into small tenements inhabited by clergy forming part of the Cathedral body. At the back of the houses, on the south side of the quadrangle, pleasant gardens slope down towards the River Wend. The cloister is a very beautiful piece of Gothic work, with fretted roof and springing pillars. Peace and quiet reign within it. In summer there comes a sleepy sound of rooks from the Bishop's garden close at hand; and, towards sunrise and sunset, the chirp of innumerable sparrows mingled with the richer notes of thrush, blackbird, and nightingale in their season. At certain times of the day, too, the stillness is broken by the thrilling freshness of children's voices, as the scholars of the ancient Grammar School scatter themselves over the Cathedral Green, shouting and calling in the shrill silvery treble of boyhood. But these sounds are softened and subdued by distance and thick masonry before they penetrate within the precincts of College Quad. In autumn and winter there is a chill dampness on the greenish-gray paving-stones of the cloister, and the rain drips heavily from carved capitals into the resounding Court. The very order and cleanliness of the place—its decorous, clerical, smooth-shaven air—seems sometimes under a watery sky, and when the winds are moaning and complaining, or thrumming like ghostly fingers on the fine resonant Gothic fret-work, to fill the mind with melancholy.

A rich contrasting note is seldom wanting:—Firelight and the glimpse of a crimson curtain seen through lozenge-shaped window-panes; or an open door sending out a gush of warmth and spicy smells from the kitchen, and the sound of friendly voices. Yet even within doors there seems to be a haunting sense of the old, old times when hands long crumbled into dust built up that dainty cloister, and when patient monkish feet, long stilled for ever, paced its stones. It is not a wholly sad feeling. It may even give zest to the glance of living eyes, and the warm pressure of dear hands. But it has a peculiar pathos—a pathos which, perhaps, is felt peculiarly by Northern peoples, as the sad-sweet twilight belongs to Northern climates, and which many of those to the manner born would not exchange for the unbroken garishness of golden-blue days and silver-blue nights.

The habitations on the south side of College Quad are considered the most desirable of all, by reason of the gardens before-mentioned, running down to the Wend, although one or two houses on the west side may be a trifle larger. Canon Hadlow's family of three persons inhabited one of these coveted southern houses, and found it roomy enough for their needs; yet it was a small—a very small—dwelling. The front door opened on to the beautiful cloister. Immediately on entering the house you found yourself in a tiny entrance-hall, to the left of which a steep and narrow staircase of dark oak conducted to the one upper story. On the right, a massive oaken-door gave access to a long, low parlour, whose three latticed windows—darkened somewhat by a drooping fringe of jessamine and Virginia-creeper—looked across the garden and the river to wide meadows. Opposite to the front door, a glass one, which in summer stood wide open all day long, led into the garden. In winter, swinging double-doors, covered with dark hair, shut out the cold air and the chill, damp mist which sometimes crept up from the river.

The exterior of the houses in College Quad was coeval with the Gothic cloister; within, the passing centuries had somewhat modified their aspect. The main features, however, were ancient, and most of the inhabitants had chosen to preserve this general air of antiquity. Only in some few cases had disastrous attempts at modernising been made with paint and French wall-papers. It would have been needless to tell any Oldchester person that no such sacrilegious innovations deformed the fine oak beams and

wainscoting in Canon Hadlow's house. There was a dark tone all through it, which, however, was not chill. It was rather the rich darkness of Rembrandt's shadows, 'which seem to have a latent glow in the heart of them. A deep red curtain here and there, or a well-worn Turkey carpet, with its kaleidoscope of subdued tints, relieved the general sombreness. Flowers in all manner of receptacles—from a precious old China punch-bowl to the cheapest of glass goblets—adorned every room in the house throughout the year. Even in winter there was ivy to be had, and red-berried holly, and the coral clusters of the mountain ash, and pale chrysanthemums. The garden furnished an ample supply of stocks, roses, carnations, hollyhocks, china asters, sweetwilliams, wall-flowers, and the like old-fashioned blossoms with homely names. But as Mrs. Hadlow herself quaintly remarked, she cared more for the sight and smell of a flower than its sound.

One sacrifice the flowers cost; the Hadlows had no lawn-tennis ground. Mrs. Hadlow declared she could not spare the space. Her neighbours to the right and left boasted of lawns which, with their white lines, looked like tables chalked on the pavement for the popular street game of hop-scotch—and were very little bigger. But the Hadlows' garden was a mosaic of box-bordered flower-beds. Only quite at the lower end, where a clipped hedge divided it from a footpath on the river bank, there was a strip of green sward like a velvet carpet, spread completely across the garden. At one angle stood a yew-tree of fabulous age, and in its shadow were a garden bench and table, and a few rustic chairs. This was Mrs. Hadlow's drawing-room whenever the weather permitted her to be out-of-doors. There she sewed, and read, and received visits. The oak parlour, which served also as a dining-room, was the ordinary family living room. There was a small room called the study, lined with books from floor to ceiling; but drawing-room, properly so-called, there was none at all. Constance Hadlow was the only one of the family who regretted this circumstance. The Canon was perfectly content with his abode. And as to Mrs. Hadlow, no one who valued her good opinion would have ventured to hint to her that her house lacked anything to make it convenient and delightful. An ill-advised stranger had once opined in her presence that the near neighbourhood of the river must make the south side of the College Quad damp and unhealthy during the autumn and winter, and Mrs. Hadlow's indignation had been boundless. That it was sometimes cold in College Quad she was willing to admit—just as it was sometimes cold on the Riviera or in Cairo. But that it could, under any circumstances, or for the shortest space of time, be damp, was what she would never be brought to acknowledge. As to the Wend, if any exhalations did arise from that gentle stream, they could not, she was sure, be unwholesome—above bridge. It was important to bear in mind this limitation, since below bridge, where the factories were, and where the poorer dwellings stood in crowded ranks, and the streets vibrated to the rumble of heavy waggons and tramway cars, the Wend must naturally incur such corruption of its good manners as came from evil communications. Mrs. Hadlow loved and admired Oldchester with enthusiasm. But Oldchester, in her mind, meant the cathedral and its immediate surroundings. Her admiration was bounded by the cathedral precincts; and, to judge from her words, so was her love also. But her heart was not to be imprisoned within any such confines. Prejudice might rule her speech, and warp her judgments, but her warm human sympathies went out towards those unfortunates who dwelt beyond the pale, even under the shadow of Bragg's factory chimney; nay, even in those vulgar suburban villas, with fine names, which were particularly abhorrent to Mrs. Hadlow's soul.

The sun shone brightly on a group of persons assembled in Mrs. Hadlow's garden on the Monday forenoon after Mrs. Dobbs's supper-party. It was a sun more bright than warm; and a little crisp breeze fluttered now and then among the scarlet and gold leaves of the Virginia creeper which draped the back of the house. Constance Hadlow, wrapped in a fleecy shawl, and sitting in a patch of sunshine outside the shadow of the yew-tree, declared it was "bitterly cold." Her opinion was evidently shared by a black-and-tan terrier which shivered convulsively at intervals with a sort of ostentation, as though to hint to the less sensitive bipeds that it was high time to retire to the shelter of a roof and the comforts of the hearthrug. Mrs. Hadlow's round, rosy face seemed to shed a glow around it like a terrestrial sun, as she beamed from behind a great basket piled with grey woollen socks belonging to the Canon: which socks were never darned by any other than his wife's fingers. Her nephew, Owen Rivers, lounged on the bench beside her. Seated on a low chair, May Cheffington was winding a ball of grey worsted for the socks; and standing opposite to her, with his shoulder against the trunk of the yew-tree, was Mr. Theodore Bransby. This young gentleman had just said something which had startled the assembled company. He was not given to saying startling things. He would probably have pronounced it "bad form" to do so:—a phrase which, to his mind, carried with it the severest condemnation. He had merely observed, "You will all be sorry to lose Miss Cheffington, shall you not, Mrs. Hadlow?" quite unconscious of saying anything to cause surprise. Surprise, however, was plainly expressed on every countenance, including that of Miss Cheffington herself.

The fact was that rumour, speaking by the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, had already announced in Oldchester that May Cheffington was going away to live with her grand relations in London. The report had not yet penetrated College Quad, but it had it had been brought to the Bransbys' house that morning by Mrs. Simpson when she came to give her daily lesson to the children.

"Lose her! What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Hadlow. "You're not going to be married, are you, May?" cried Miss Constance, dropping her parasol in order to look full at the other girl; while Mr. Rivers, on the other hand, raised himself on his elbow and stared at young Bransby.

May laughed and coloured at her friend's question. "Certainly not that I know of, Constance," she answered.

"Are you going away, then?"

"You must ask Mr. Bransby. He seems to know; I don't." As she spoke, May turned a pair of bright hazel eyes full on the young gentleman in question, and smiled. The admixture of Dobbs blood with the noble strain of Cheffington had certainly not produced any physical deterioration of the race. Yet the dowager had been discontented with her grand-daughter's appearance, and had particularly lamented the absence of the Cheffington profile. Now the Cheffington profile was handsome enough in its way, in certain subjects and at a certain time of life; but with advancing years it was apt to resemble the profile of an owl: the nose being beaky, and the orbit of the eyes very large, with eyebrows nearly semi-circular; while the chin tended to disappear in hanging folds and creases of throat. The Cheffingtons, moreover, were sallow and dark-haired. May inherited her mother's fair skin and soft brown hair. Her slender young figure, not yet fully grown, was rather below than above the middle height. She had the healthy, though delicate, freshness of a field-flower; but, like the field-flower, she might easily pass unnoticed. There was nothing of high or dazzling beauty about May Cheffington, but she had that subtle attraction which does not always belong to beauty. A great many persons, however, thought she did not bear comparison with Constance Hadlow, her friend and schoolfellow. Besides a firm faith in her own beauty—which is a more powerful assistance to its recognition by others than is generally supposed—Miss Hadlow possessed a pair of fine dark eyes and eyebrows, a clear pale skin, regular features, and white teeth. Those who were

disposed to be critical observed that her face and head were rather too massive for her height; and that her figure, sufficiently plump at present, threatened to become too fat as she approached middle life. But at twenty years of age that would have appeared a very remote contingency to Constance Hadlow, supposing her to have ever thought about it. Although circumstances often prevented her from being dressed after the latest fashion, her hair—dark, wavy, and abundant—was always skilfully arranged in the prevalent mode, and whatever that might be. It happened just then to be a becoming one to Miss Hadlow's head and face. The crimson colour of the shawl wrapped round her made a fine contrast with the creamy pallor of her skin and the vivid darkness of her eyes. Altogether, she looked handsome enough to excuse Owen Rivers for finding it difficult to remove himself from her society, supposing Mr. Simpson's statement to be true that the young man was "dangling after his cousin instead of minding his business."

Theodore Bransby, on being called upon to explain himself, answered that he understood Miss Cheffington was shortly going to London to reside with her aunt, Mrs. Dormer-Smith.

"Oh no, I'm not," said May promptly, before any one else could speak. "That is quite a mistake."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes, indeed it is. I'm going to stay with granny."

"Indeed!" said Theodore Bransby once more. Then he added, "Are you quite sure? Because I had it from a person who had it from Mrs. Dobbs herself."

"From granny?" In her astonishment May let fall the ball of worsted. It rolled across the grass under the very nose of the toy terrier, who snapped at it, and then shivered more strongly than ever with an added sense of injury.

"Very likely nothing is positively settled yet," continued Theodore. "Mrs. Dobbs was speaking of family arrangements for the future."

"Then I suppose," said May, with an anxious look, "that she has heard from papa?"

"Yes, I believe so; something was said about a communication from Captain Cheffington."

There was a little pause. Then Mrs. Hadlow said, "Well, of course we shall be sorry to lose you, my dear, as Theodore says. But it is quite right that you should be amongst your own people, and be properly introduced."

"Granny is my own people," returned May in a low voice.

"Of course; and a most kind and excellent grandmother she is. But I mean—in short, since it is Mrs. Dobbs's own plan, we must suppose she thinks it best for you to go to town; and I must say I agree with her."

"It is obviously necessary," said young Bransby. "Miss Cheffington will have, of course, to be presented."

"Why you look quite glum, May!" cried Constance laughing. "Oh, you little goose! I only wish I had the chance of going to town to be presented."

Owen Rivers, who had hitherto been quite silent, now addressed May, and asked her if she disliked her aunt.

"Dislike Aunt Pauline? Oh, no; I don't dislike her at all. But I—I don't know her very well."

"I thought," said Bransby, "that you had been in the habit of staying with Mrs. Dormer-Smith during the school vacations?"

"No; before Grandmamma Cheffington died I used to go to Richmond, and I only saw Aunt Pauline now and then. Since that time I haven't seen her at all, for I have spent all my holidays with dear granny."

Constance began to question young Bransby as to who had given him the news about May's departure; what it was that had been said; whether the time of her going away were positively fixed; and so forth. May rose, and, under cover of picking up her ball of worsted, walked away out of earshot. "Are you that phenomenon, a young lady devoid of curiosity, Miss Cheffington?" asked Owen Rivers, as she passed near him.

"Oh there's nothing to be curious about," returned the girl, flushing a little. "Granny and I shall talk it all over together this evening. I need not trouble myself about what other people say or guess."

Miss Hadlow had apparently forgotten that it was "bitterly cold" for she continued to sit on the lawn talking with Theodore after the others had gone into the house. She moved at length from her seat at the summons of the luncheon bell. Fox the terrier, more consistent, had availed himself of the breaking-up of the little party to hasten indoors and establish himself on the dining-room hearthrug—a step which nothing but his unconquerable dislike to being alone had prevented him from taking long ago.

When the two loiterers at length entered the dining-room, Mrs. Hadlow announced that May had gone home. Her grandmother had sent the servant for her a little earlier than usual, and May had refused to remain for luncheon. The young girl's absence gave an opportunity for discussing her and her prospects; and they were discussed accordingly, as the party sat at table.

Mrs. Hadlow expressed great satisfaction at hearing that May was to be received and accepted "as a Cheffington"; Constance inclined to think that May would not duly appreciate her good fortune; and Theodore Bransby observed stiffly that Miss Cheffington's removal to town had always been inevitable, and that the date of it alone could have been matter for uncertainty to persons who knew anything of the Cheffington family.

"Well," said Rivers, "I suppose Constance is the only one of us here present who possesses that knowledge."

"No; I never knew much of them," answered his cousin. "I saw them occasionally when I was at school. Sometimes the dowager came down to stay at Brighton, and she used, now and then, to call for May in her carriage; but she never entered the doors. And once or twice Mrs. Dormer-Smith came. I remember we girls used to make game of old Mrs. Cheffington with her black wig and her airs."

"She was thoroughly *grande dame*, I believe," said Theodore Bransby.

"Very likely. The servants used to say she was dreadfully stingy, and call her an old cat. Mrs. Dormer-Smith had nice manners, and was always beautifully dressed."

"Your information is somewhat sketchy, my dear Constance; but no doubt the outline is correct as far as it goes," observed Rivers.

"Decidedly sketchy!" said Mrs. Hadlow, who was helping her guests to minced mutton.

"Miss Hadlow, however, is *not* the only one of us who knows anything about the Cheffingtons," said young Bransby, with his grave air.

"Oh, dear me, I had forgotten!" interposed Mrs. Hadlow, after a quick glance at the young man's face. "To be sure, Theodore has visited the family in town. The fact is, Theodore has been a stranger himself so long, that we have had no opportunity of hearing his report. Tell us what the Dormer-Smiths are like, Theodore, since you know them."

"Like? They are like people who move in the best society—like thoroughbred people," returned Theodore, drawing himself up, stiffly.

"Poor little May!" said Mrs. Hadlow, thoughtfully. "She's a sweet little thing. I hope they'll be kind to her."

"Do you know anything of Mrs. Dobbs, Aunt Jane?" asked Rivers. "I mean," he added, "of course, you know of her. But do you know her?"

"Oh, yes. Once, many years ago, the Canon had a tough battle with Mrs. Dobbs, when he was helping to canvas for the city member. We couldn't get her husband's vote for the right side."

But he was a worthy man, and sold very good ironmongery. When Constance first asked leave to invite her schoolfellow here, I had an interview with Mrs. Dobbs. She came to the point at once. She said, 'Mrs. Hadlow, you need not be uneasy. My friends and equals are not yours; but neither are they my granddaughter's. She belongs by her father's family to a different class. As for me, I am too old to make any mistakes about my place in the world, and too proud to wish to change it.'

"Too proud!" repeated Bransby, with raised eyebrows.

"I thought it was very well said," answered Mrs. Hadlow. "I only wish all the people of her class had the same honest pride. But Mrs. Dobbs is a woman of great good sense, and of the highest integrity. All the same, of course, now that May is grown up, the girl's position in that house is too anomalous. Captain Cheffington no doubt feels that. He probably left his daughter there so long out of tenderness to Mrs. Dobbs's feelings; and perhaps also to help out the old lady's income. But now, naturally, it must come to an end. He can't sacrifice May's future. That is how I explain the state of the case; and it seems to me to be creditable to all concerned."

"At all events it is creditable to Mrs. Dobbs, Aunt Jane," said Rivers.

"And why not, pray, to Captain Cheffington too?" asked Constance. "But Captain Cheffington has the misfortune to be born a gentleman, so, of course, Owen disapproves of him."

"Not at all, of course. But I agree with you as to the misfortune—for the other gentlemen, at all events!"

"I think you're a little mistaken about Captain Cheffington, Rivers," said Theodore. "He's a friend of mine."

"In that case I'm very sorry," answered Owen drily.

Mrs. Hadlow here interposed, rising from table with a show of cheerful bustle. "Come," said she, "you children must not loiter here all day. The Canon comes home from Wendhurst by the three-forty train, and I am going to meet him; Constance has an engagement with the Burtons; and as for you two boys, I shall turn you out without ceremony."

The kind lady's intention had been to break off the discourse between the two young men, which threatened to become disagreeable. But as Bransby and Rivers walked away side by side through the fretted cloister of College Quad, the former, with a certain quiet doggedness which belonged to him, returned to the subject. "You must understand," he said, "that I am not very intimate with Captain Cheffington; but I know him, and am his debtor for some courteous attentions. And I think you are a little—rash, if you don't mind my saying so, in condemning him."

"I don't at all mind your saying so."

"You see, there are a great many circumstances to be taken into account, in judging of Captain Cheffington's career. In the first place, there was his unfortunate marriage."

(To be continued)



AFTER a hasty glance at Mr. P. H. Emerson's handsome large-quarto volume, "Pictures of East Anglian life" (Sampson Low and Co.), at the chapters on eel-picking, and osier-peeling, and basket-making, one is disposed to characterise it as the prose of Dr. Jessopp's "Arcady." On better acquaintance, we see that there is in Mr. Emerson's book also a great deal of the poetry of real life. We leave out of account the really pathetic story, sandwiched among poaching, sea-fishing, and farm-life anecdotes, of the highly-educated lady who married a fisherman, and, by her own account, lived happily ever after in a cottage on the Blythe estuary, till her husband's death left her with no companions but her cats and the artists who used to visit her in summer; we also put aside the poetry of lifeboat work; and claim that in ordinary village ways as sketched by Mr. Emerson, and in village character, hard and uninviting as it seems to the outsider, there is "poetry" enough. Mr. Emerson photographs with the pen as well as with the camera; and therefore his letterpress is very unlike Dr. Jessopp's *genre* pictures. He has plenty of quiet humour, as when he says "the chief work of the county police seems to be to stamp out poaching"—a fact which makes non-game-preserving rate-payers gnash their teeth. His story of how an old poacher compelled a village constable to search the county policeman who had been overhauling his cart is grand; and there is humour in poacher Gowing's retort when questioned by the Bench, "Where did you get the game?" "Can you swear it's yours?" he asked each of the noblemen who were trying him. The chapter on poaching is the most serious in the book. Landowners may well take to heart Mr. Emerson's plain words on game and hot-house fruit selling. The number of East Anglian villages in which the sick poor know the taste of either must be small. We are not sure that all farmers are grateful to the poacher for "exercising his dog," and thus picking up a hare in their fields. Some of them are so fond of a good day's coursing that they can hardly be said to "hate the sight of hares and rabbits"; but Mr. Emerson's advice, that they "throw off the game-burden, the tithe-burden, and the unfair rent-burden, before they clamour for import duties on food," is sound. Of superstitions, the East Anglians, prosaic as they seem, have their full share; Herne, the *grand veneur*, is replaced by the headless coachman of a headless team (known also in Wessex). The weird dog, still heard of about Cromer, despite the trip-trains, may be Norse, seeing he is found also in Man. Mr. Emerson divides his illustrations pretty equally; in his letterpress he is a little unfair to the North folk, devoting two very interesting chapters (evidently the result of long personal acquaintance) to their Southern brothers, whose good and bad points (the bad being avarice, envy, and the fear of being "bested") he sets forth impartially. Perhaps, because he knows Suffolk better, he rather idealises the Norfolk peasant. "Bright, cheery, civil, yet independent, never vulgar, with a fineness of feeling and purity of speech peculiarly his own"—surely for such a man we must go to Utopia. Of some of the plates, which form such a feature in this volume, it is impossible to speak too highly. Landscapes like "Leafless March" and "The Fringe of the Mere," figure-pieces like "In Barley Harvest" and "The Haymaker," and "Eel-picking," are in every respect perfect. The texture of the frontispiece, "In the Hayselt" is also excellent. A few are slightly "woolly," and this is oftener the case with the small illustrations printed in the text. On the whole, the book is a triumph of autotype; and we can only wish that Mr. Emerson had set to work before the Suffolk "Horkey" and other old customs had become things of the past.

Mr. Walter Clode prefaces his selection of "The Morals of Seneca" (Walter Scott) with an apology for the often-noticed inconsistency between Seneca's life and his teaching. His biographer, Dion, has put everything in the worst light; no firmness could have changed Nero; the murder of Agrippina was a *coup d'état*, of which the alternative was civil war. In his family relations Seneca was as loving as he was manly in his death; and in the courage with which he denounced gladiatorial shows he is as much before his time as in his doctrine of forbearance and his ideal of married life. In this age of high living and low thinking it is well to be reminded that others besides the New Testament writers preached the highest morality and strove to practise it. Mr. Clode takes the first part of

his book, "Of a Happy Life," from Sir Roger l'Estrange's version published in 1678. The latter part, including some of the "Letters to Lucilius," is from Lodge's translation, 1614. In both cases the quaint English admirably suits the subject. The book is one of the "Camelot Series."

Gainsayers will complain that some of Walt Whitman's "Democratic Vistas, and Other Papers" ("Camelot Series," Walter Scott) are just what many of his poems would be were they no longer cup up into very longs and very shorts, and that others have too strong a flavour of Emerson—were they to read instead of carping, they would see that the resemblance to the New England prophet is only on the surface—it is just that magisterial way which the American essayist affects—and they would be sure to remark that, whereas Emerson is generally satisfied with things as they are, Walt Whitman lays his finger fearlessly on many ugly blots which must be got rid of before Transatlantic Society will have an article to be called Millennial. "America," he well says, "is the great test case for all the problems, promises, speculation of humanity, and of the past and present." This being so, it is not encouraging that, "coming down to what is of the only real importance, Personalities, we see everywhere the youth puny, impudent, foppish, prematurely ripe; everywhere an abnormal libidinousness, the capacity for good motherhood decreasing or deceased, shallow notions of beauty, with a range of manners (or rather lack of manners) probably the meanest to be seen in the world." For remedy, he looks not so much to political changes as to the bettering of literature, and thence of "domestic sociology"; and he deprecates the poverty of native American literature, and thinks "it were a standing disgrace to such a nation not to soar also above others in its original styles in Literature and Art. . . . Every other land, however small, has made its title clear to a national style. . . . The Scotch have their own ballads, the Irish theirs. . . . With exhaustless mines in the four years' war, the first sign of proportionate imaginative soul and works to match is so far wanting." Whitman's criticisms on Shakespeare, on Burns ("who sang as no one else ever has 'lads and lasses' down on their own place"), on Tennyson ("who proves how much there is in the finest verbalism") have a wonderful freshness. Less fresh, but from such a source wholly unexpected, is his downright verdict against Protection: "Its profits go altogether to a few score select persons who are forming a vulgar aristocracy." The book ought to be in everybody's hands. It is a strange change from Seneca; and yet between him and Whitman there is at bottom a good deal in common.

Marion Wilcox, "Counsellor at Law," has found her "Real People" (Sampson Low) amid very different surroundings. Her prettiest stories are Spanish-American; Señora Diaz and *mamita* (her mother), who in New York try to keep the daughters as strictly as if they were still in Cuba, are delicious; and as for Concha Casablanca—she is now the Señora Melinda, else we should advise any young man who wants a perfect wife to go out to look for her.

Mr. Arnold Forster, in trying to teach to children "The Laws of Everyday Life" (Cassell) as he understands them, gets into several awkward dilemmas. His motto is "Where law ends tyranny begins," but then law is, in his view, the expression of the will of the majority. Therefore it is based on force, as far as the dissident minority is concerned. The minority's business is to persuade the majority to change the law. Even Hampden, Mr. Forster reminds us, obeyed the law as to the payment of shipmoney as soon as it was defined by eight out of the twelve judges. "He did not say, 'It's a bad law, I refuse to obey it,' and not until the King was determined to break the law did he take up arms." The question is a nice one; Lord Falkland would have denounced Hampden and his party as the lawbreakers; but in another case Mr. Forster is obliged to confess that the law was resisted by force, and when he quotes, "Press where ye see the white plume shine amidst the ranks of war," he practically teaches that resistance (even armed) to oppressive laws is sometimes in the highest sense right. How about resistance to Church rates, so long practised by the members of the Friends' Society? On the great question of short time in factories, he has to confess that the consensus of employers was dead against the change; indeed, few changes would be made did we wait till "the majority of those who have to obey think the new law a good one" (page 50). That, perhaps, is why Mr. Forster acquiesces in the present state of coal-mine regulation. He has a paragraph on "what miners owe to public opinion;" the cynic might reply: "They owe to it a costly apparatus of inspection which is practically worthless, because the expense of properly ventilating metalliferous mines and lighting coal-pits by electricity would be greater than the extra poor's rates to maintain widows and orphans." The work (which ought to have an index) does not, we are thankful to see, endorse platitudes about all honest work being equally good.

Did we not read somewhere that Madame de Gasparin is ill-pleased with the translation of "Sunny Fields and Shady Woods" (Sampson Low)? To us the work seems well done, and the stories are very pretty. "The Little Hat" especially, though we cannot endorse its condemnation of dancing. If only Madame de Gasparin would do for her Swiss Protestants what the Church and Stage Guild are trying to do for our actors and actresses, she would be benefiting humanity in a way in which no mere repression can benefit it. She would hardly say that dancing on Sunday had anything to do with the drowning of a little boy of four by his cousin aged eight, of whom the sister of the victim, in the botanical ramble called "The Slippers of Venus," solemnly declares that "he did it on purpose." Madame de Gasparin is fond of wild birds and of botany, but there's no flavour of Grant Allen about her tales. To some this will be a recommendation, to others the reverse.

Mr. J. H. Vincent is quite with Madame de Gasparin about dancing, "unless in the case of very young or very old people." He quotes Gail Hamilton, who looked on a waltz waltz as a Hindu gentleman does when he is admitted to see the mem-sahibs behaving far worse than nautch girls. His verdict also is "Better Not" (Funk and Wagnalls, New York and London) in the case of drinking, theatre-going, &c. Of course, were it granted that all drinking must be like that of the Irish squires of the last century, all theatres like those of London before Macready helped to purify them, all dancing like what sometimes makes us wonder whether we are in a drawing-room or at a casino, Mr. Vincent would be right. But it argues a sad lack of faith in the salt of the earth to keep it apart from the mass which it is to save from corruption.

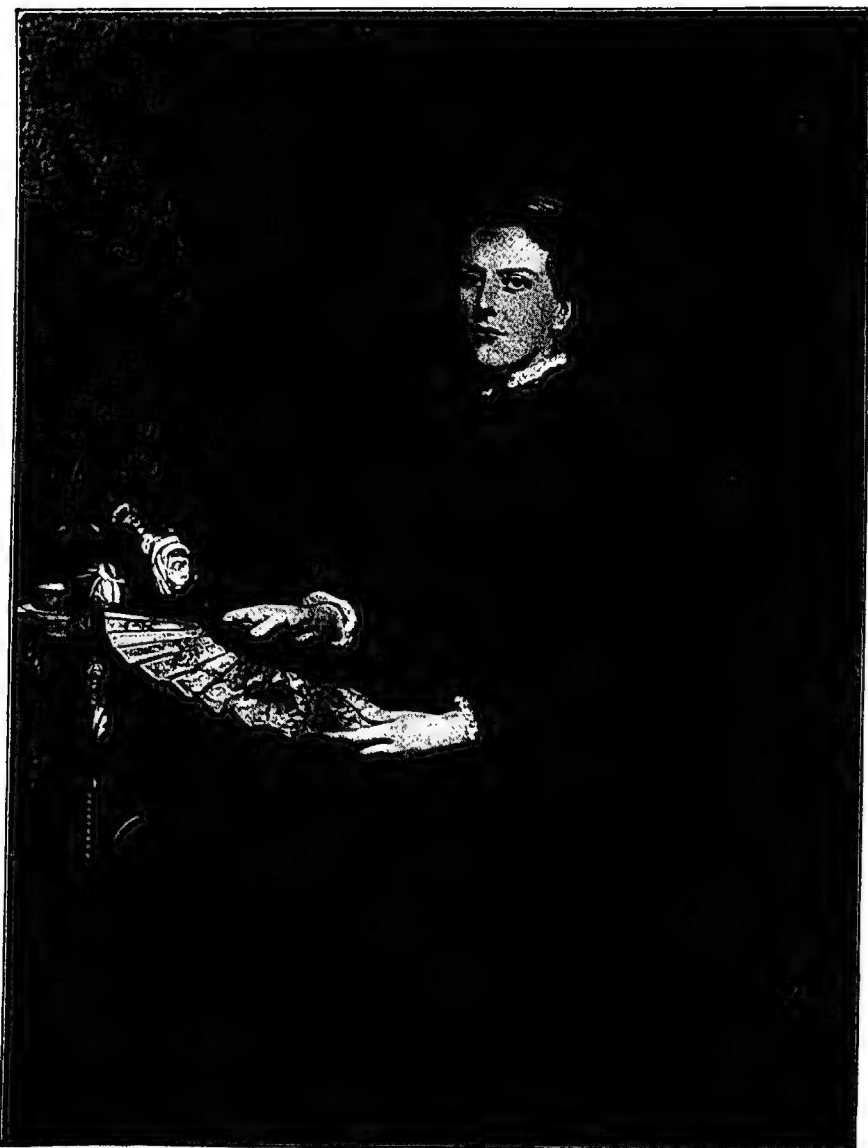
That Mr. F. W. Robinson's "Female Life in Prison" (Spencer Blackett) has reached a fourth edition will surprise no one who has read Mr. Robinson's other books. This book, too, has the stamp of simple, straightforward truth. The author has taken down the very words of an ex-matron; and we trust that, as good has at last followed from the revelations in his "Jane Cameron," so when the present work comes, say, to its twentieth edition, the hours of matrons' work (as excessive as those of railway men or bus-drivers) may be shortened, and their non-eatable beef and mutton be replaced by wholesome food. That a meat-contractor should make presents to a Government official, invite him to his shooting-box, &c., is a system by no means conducive to the supply of good joints. And if the matron fares thus, how must it be with the prisoners? The woodenness of our system is shown in the case of a gipsy girl, killed for want of free air. Mr. Robinson is doubtful about dancing at Broadmoor; had poor Letty Cooper been there she would at once have been installed as dancing-mistress, and thenceforth would have been a saved creature. We cannot imagine on what principle our author objects to Roman Catholic services. Better no service at all than the dreary farce which is sometimes enacted under that name.



PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

"EFFIE"

Royal Academy



H. T. WELLS, R.A.

"MRS. ARTHUR STREET"

Royal Academy



W. W. OULESS, R.A.

"HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MANNING"

Royal Academy



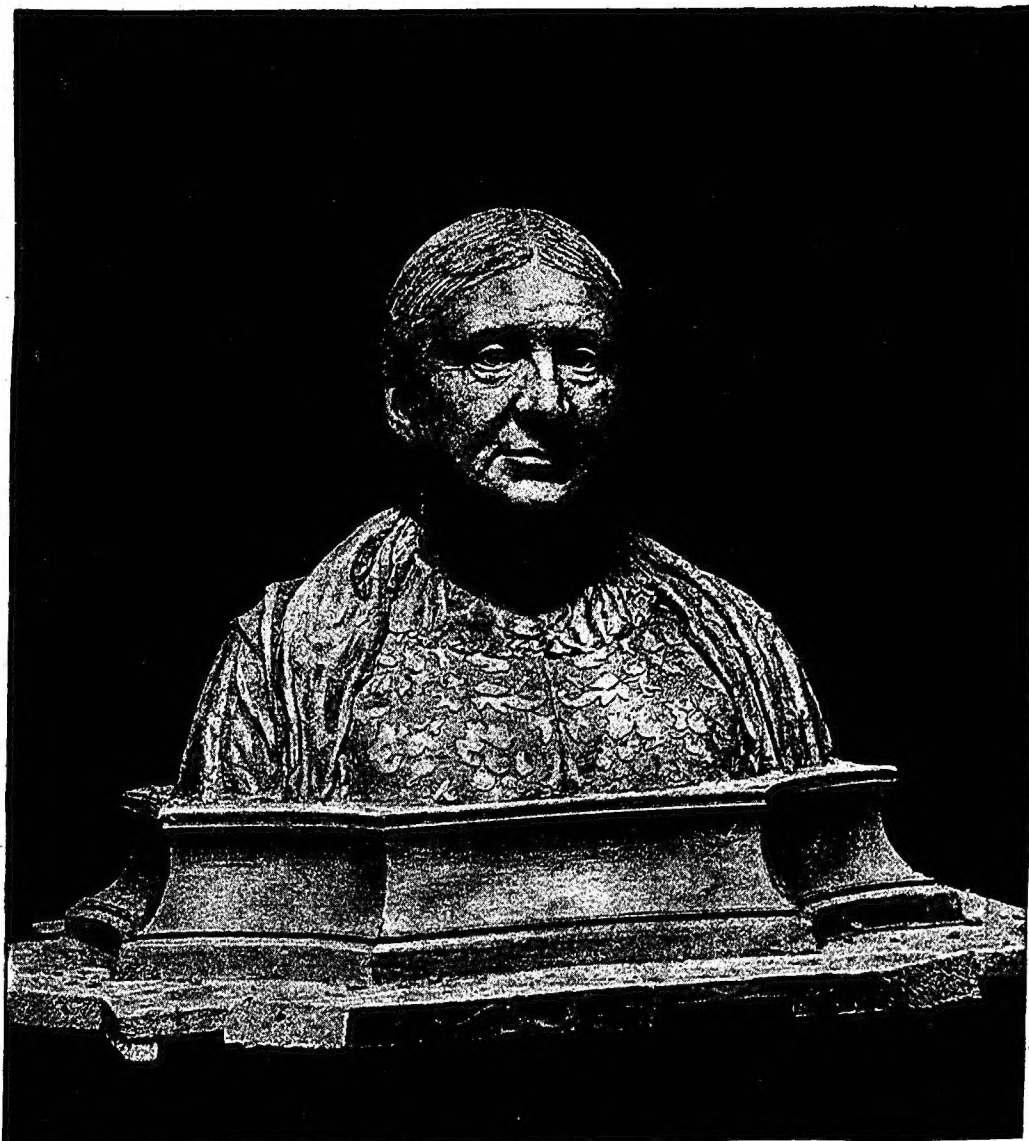
S. P. HALL
"HIS HIGHNESS THE RAO OF CUTCH, G.C.I.E."



A. DAMPIER MAY Royal Academy
"PORTRAIT OF A CHILD PLAYING THE VIOLIN"
This picture was, in a previous issue, attributed by mistake to Mr. Phil Morris, R.A.,
with the title "May (daughter of Col. E. R. Berry)"



E. J. POYNTER, R.A. Royal Academy
"UNDER THE SEA WALL"



E. ONSLOW FORD Royal Academy
"PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER"

The Spanish Armada

(Continued from page 68).

exceedingly risky, and he patriotically decided that, rather than send them home, he would keep the ships at sea at his own charges. In the first week of June he cruised up and down between Scilly and Ushant in hopes of meeting the Armada in a disabled state. Later, he sailed nearly as far south as the Spanish coast, but, becoming apprehensive lest the enemy should slip past him, he returned, and, on June 12th, anchored in Plymouth Sound. There is no doubt that the original object of his cruise southward was to meet and fight the Armada at sea, in the Tagus, or at Corunna; but the home authorities were opposed to this scheme, and they were very glad when Howard returned.

The Armada, which had been refitted with astonishing celerity, left Corunna on July 12th; and on the 15th, Medina-Sidonia detached a ship to the Duke of Parma, urging that general to be ready with his troops and transports upon the arrival of the Spanish Fleet in the Straits. The rendezvous was the Lizard; and on July 19th the Armada was within sight of the English Coast. Mr. J. K. Laughton is inclined to doubt whether the man who brought the first news of its approach was, as has been generally reported, a practical seafarer. But Bishop Carleton, of Chichester, who was a contemporary, explicitly states that the information was carried into Plymouth by one Flemming, "who had been a Pyrat;" and it does not seem improbable that the rover may have rendered his country this service in the deliberate expectation of being in return pardoned for his former crimes. When the news arrived, it seems, the English admirals and captains were playing or watching a game of bowls upon the Hoe.

The English fleet with which the invader was to be met consisted of the following Queen's ships:—

were in good order; they were rigged according to new and approved principles, and many of them were already favourites with the crews; while the guns were good, and were, moreover, worked by the most skilled artillerymen in Europe. In those days, save in England, the science of artillery was in a ridiculously elementary condition. A cannon could not be regarded as a weapon of precision; for not only was the powder of varying strength, but the shot were of varying weights, and they never fitted the guns in which they were used. Even our artillery left very much to be desired; but it was certainly in every way vastly superior to that of the Spaniards. Yet, although the material of the Navy was then admirable, the efficiency of the service was, as has often since been the case, endangered by the cheese-paring parsimony of the Government. Queen Elizabeth had a strong repugnance to spending money. Only with the greatest difficulty could she be persuaded to spend sufficient to send the fleet to sea; and no representations from her officers could induce her to disburse enough to enable the ships to be properly found in ammunition and provisions. The result was that there was never enough powder and shot available for more than one day's heavy fighting, and that some of the gallant crews were nearly starved. The success of the defence therefore must be attributed to the energy and resource of Howard, Hawkins, Drake, and other officers, rather than to Walsingham or Elizabeth.

Howard seems to have quickly discovered that his ships were very much better sailers than those of the foe; for he promptly took full advantage of his superiority by adopting tactics which, from the first, put it beyond the power of the Spaniards to take the initiative. He kept his fleet in the rear and on the quarters of the advancing Armada, and let it be known among his captains that his plan of action

was caught "in the midst of the Spanish ships, and could not be recovered." On July 24th there was a lull, it being too calm for manœuvring. Howard occupied the day in planning an attack for the following night, and in dividing his forces into four squadrons, one being commanded by himself, another by Drake, another by Hawkins, and the fourth by Frobisher; but the calm continued, and the night-attack could not, in consequence, be made. That day Howard received the supply of captured powder, without which he would have been powerless; and, on the strength of this, he made a plucky dash early next morning, into the very centre of the Spanish lines. He was supported by the *Lion*, *Bear*, *Elizabeth Jonas*, and *Victory*. He made for Medina-Sidonia's flag-ship, the *San Martino*, but before he could reach her, Oquendo, in a ship of 900 tons, ran into his stern, and unshipped his rudder. The situation of the *Ark* was, for a time, perilous, but, being gallantly assisted by the *Nonpareil* and *Mary Rose*, which opportunely came up, she got out her boats, and was by them towed off. Her rescuers succeeded in taking a Spanish ship; but the *Triumph*, which was helping them, was badly damaged, and might have been captured but for the bravery of her officers and men. In return for their valour on this occasion, Howard, on the 26th, knighted Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Roger Townsend. The official position of the last-named is not clear: but it has been suggested that he was the flag-ship's captain. Medina-Sidonia was much dispirited by the day's work; but for two days he was left in peace, and on the 27th he anchored in Calais Roads.

Howard, after going into Dover for ammunition and stores, had been joined by the Straits Squadron under Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Winter; and, with this accession of force, he also anchored, a little later in the day, almost within gunshot of the enemy. The wind did not allow him to approach nearer, for the Spaniards were among the shoals; but he decided to utilise the tide for his purposes. He, therefore, spent the 28th in fitting out eight of his least valuable craft as fireships. In the night he let these vessels drift down upon the Spanish fleet, under the command of two officers, named Young and Prowse. The fireships burst into flame at exactly the right moment, and in exactly the right positions; and the terrified enemy at once began to cut their cables, in order to clear out of the way. The confusion soon became general. In the scare a large vessel, the *San Lorenzo*, called by a contemporary writer the "Prætorian Galleasse," carried away her rudder and went ashore, where, next morning, she was taken by Thomas Gerrard, Amias Preston, and Harvey. In the struggle for the possession of her, her captain, Don Hugo de Moncada, and most of her crew, slaves included, fell, or were drowned. She had a large quantity of gold on board.

On this occasion Medina-Sidonia did not lose his head. At the approach of the fireships he signalled to his fleet to weigh anchor, but to return to the roads when the danger should be over. The panic was, however, so complete that very few captains obeyed the order; and, as a result, the confusion caused by that night's work was never afterwards remedied. Several vessels got away, only to go ashore on the coast of Flanders. The greater number made a rendezvous off Gravelines on July 29th, but before they could re-form Drake and Fenner, afterwards assisted by Fenton, Southwell, Beeston, Cross, Reyman, Lord Howard, Lord Thomas Howard, and Lord Sheffield, vigorously attacked them. In vain did Recalde, Oquendo, and Leyva, having got clear of the shoals, collect a scratch squadron, and endeavour to protect the transports and victualling-ships. They were terribly handled, and had to sheer off. Drake, in the *Revenge*, disabled the *San Felipe* (800 tons), which was afterwards captured by the Flushings; and the Spanish galleon *San Mateo*, after having been severely damaged, was taken by three vessels from Sluys. Her captain, Don Diego de Pimentel, lived to become Viceroy of Mexico, but nearly all her crew fell when the Dutch boarded her. There were other disasters in this day's action, and at nightfall Medina-Sidonia recognised that all was lost. Next morning (July 30th) he attempted to retreat through the Straits of Dover, but, a hard gale springing up from the north-west, he was forced towards the coast of Zealand, whither Howard did not pursue him. When the wind shifted to the south-west, the Spaniards tacked out of danger of the shallows, and held a council of war, at which it was decided to attempt to return to Spain by sailing round the British Islands. Howard now left Lord Henry Seymour with a squadron to blockade Parma in Dunkirk and Nieuport, and pursued the enemy; but he had not to strike again. He merely thought it necessary to follow the Spaniards as far as the Forth. In the North Sea they lost several vessels in the gale, so that they were in no heart to attempt a landing in Scotland, and when Howard had seen them fair on a course for the Orkneys, he beat back for the mouth of the Channel.

But the misfortunes of the ill-named "Happy Armada" did not end there. For a whole month the Spanish fleet was buffeted about in the North, losing a ship here and a ship there, until over sixty vessels had been wrecked either in the broad Atlantic, or on the inhospitable shores of Scotland, the Islands, and Ireland. Six galleons went ashore on the coast of Clare in one day; others met their end off Kerry, Connemara, and the Isle of Arran; an unknown number foundered off Sligo, and the shores were strewn with wreckage and dead bodies. The men who got to land fared but badly. Don Pedro de Mendoza, with all his companions, was killed on Clare Island; Don Alonso da Leyra, after having been captured, escaped, but was afterwards drowned off Dunluce. Only fifty-four ships of the hundred and thirty-two that sailed from Lisbon ever returned to Spain; and even these were shattered and full of disease and misery. Recalde and Oquendo lived to see their own country again, but died almost immediately after reaching it; Pedro de Valdez was a prisoner; Moncada, Leyva, and Mendoza were dead; thousands of men and millions of treasure were lost; and Spain had received a greater rebuff than she had ever before experienced.

Howard returned to the Downs. He should have been received as a conqueror; but, instead, he was insulted by the Queen and her Ministers, who were so niggardly in their treatment of him and his chief officers, and even so suspicious of the honesty of their accounts, that not only the Lord Admiral, but Drake and Hawkins as well, were left absolutely out of pocket by their patriotic exertions to defend their country. Nor were the gallant seamen more honourably dealt with. When they had done their work, many of those who were sick were sent ashore and allowed to die in the open streets. Howard and Drake spent 620l. in helping them; but that was not enough. Numbers perished from mere lack of ordinary care, and, as Howard wrote to Burleigh, "it would grieve any man's heart to see men who had served so valiantly to die so miserably."

The whole episode was a glorious one for England, for the Navy; and for the crews of the vessels that co-operated with the Navy; but it was even more disgraceful for Elizabeth than it was for Philip. While the whole of England was ablaze with patriotism, and while private individuals were sacrificing treasure like water, the Queen was haggling over every penny that was asked for from the Treasury; and when all was over, instead of showering honours on those who had fought the good fight, she thought only of glorifying her miserable favourite Leicester, who had done nothing for the national defence. Fortunately, he died ere, as his reward, she could make him Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. The victory was won by Englishmen of all classes and creeds; but none of the credit is due to Elizabeth. The country's need brought out in almost every one of her subjects the finest and most noble qualities; in her it only revealed the meanest Sovereign that ever occupied a great throne.

COMPLEMENT.

GUNS.

SHIPS.	Tonnage.	Mariners.	Gunners.	Sailors.	Total.	60 prs.	32 prs.	17 prs.	9 prs.	5 prs.	Small Guns.	Total Guns.	COMMANDERS.
ARK	800	268	32	100	400	4	4	12	12	6	17	55	Lord Chas. Howard
VICTORY	800	268	32	100	400	—	—	12	18	9	20	59	Sir John Hawkins
REVENGE	500	150	30	70	250	2	3	7	8	12	24	56	Sir Francis Drake
TRIUMPH	1,100	340	40	120	500	4	3	17	8	6	30	68	Sir Martin Frobisher
LION	600	150	30	70	250	—	4	8	14	9	25	60	Lord Thomas Howard
BEAR	900	340	40	120	500	3	11	7	10	—	9	40	Lord Sheffield
ELIZABETH JONAS	900	340	40	120	500	3	6	8	9	9	21	56	Sir Robert Southwell
HOPE	800	150	30	70	250	2	4	9	11	4	18	48	Robert Cross
ELIZABETH BONAVENTURE	600	150	30	70	250	2	2	11	14	4	14	47	Earl of Cumberland (1)
DREADNOUGHT	400	130	20	50	200	2	—	4	11	10	14	41	Sir George Beeston
NONPAREIL	500	150	30	70	250	2	3	7	8	12	24	56	Thomas Fenner
SWIFTSURE	400	130	20	50	200	2	—	5	12	8	14	41	Edward Fenner (2)
RAINBOW	500	150	30	70	250	—	6	12	7	1	—	26	Lord Henry Seymour
VANGUARD	500	150	30	70	250	—	4	14	11	2	—	31	Sir William Winter (3)
MARY ROSE	600	150	30	70	250	—	4	11	10	4	10	39	Edward Fenton
ANTELOPE	350	114	16	30	160	—	—	4	13	8	13	38	Sir Henry Palmer
FORESIGHT	300	114	16	30	160	—	—	—	14	8	15	37	Christopher Baker
AID	240	88	12	20	120	—	—	—	8	2	8	18	William Fenner (4)
SWALLOW	330	114	16	30	160	—	—	—	—	—	8	8	Richard Hawkins
TIGER	160	70	10	20	100	—	—	—	6	14	2	22	John Bostock (5)
SCOUT	120	48	8	10	66	—	—	—	—	4	6	10	Henry Ashley
BULL	160	70	10	20	100	—	—	—	4	4	5	13	Jeremy Turner
TRENTONANA	150	52	8	10	70	—	—	—	—	12	9	21	Luke Ward
ACHATES	100	42	8	10	60	—	—	—	6	—	7	13	Henry Rigges (6)
CHARLES	70	32	6	7	45	—	—	—	—	8	8	16	John Roberts
MOON	60	30	5	5	40	—	—	—	—	4	5	9	Alexander Clifford
SPY	50	30	5	5	40	—	—	—	—	4	5	9	Ambrose Ward (7)
GEORGE (Hoy)	129	32	6	7	45	—	—	—	—	4	4	8	Richard Hedges (8)
ADVICE	50	30	5	5	40	—	—	—	—	4	5	9	John Harris
MERLIN	45	26	5	4	35	—	—	—	—	—	6	6	Walter Gower
SUN	40	24	4	2	30	—	—	—	—	—	5	5	Richard Buckley
SIGNET	20	10	2	2	14	—	—	—	—	—	3	3	John Shrive
	12,265	3,942	606	1,437	5,985	26	54	148	214	172	354	968	

NOTES.—(1) Monson says that the *Bona Ventura's* Captain was named Reyman. (2) Monson says William Fenner. (3) He probably ranked as Admiral. Monson gives the Captain's name as Sir W. Wentworth. (4) Monson says J. Wentworth. (5) Monson says W. Wentworth. (6) Some say George Rigges. (7) Monson says Captain Bradbury. (8) Some say Richard Hedges.

Lord Howard of Effingham, as Commander-in-Chief, had his flag in the *Ark*, or, as it is often called, the *Ark Royal*, or *Ark Raleigh*, Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral, was in the *Revenge*, Sir John Hawkins, Rear-Admiral, was in the *Victory*, and Lord Henry Seymour, in the *Rainbow*, commanded in the Straits, his second being Sir William Winter, in the *Vanguard*.

In addition to the above men-of-war, the forces of the defence included two non-combatant Queen's ships, the *Bonavolta*, Captain William Burroughs, and a small brigantine, Captain Thomas Scot, making thirty-four Queen's ships in all. There were also numerous merchantmen and barques which had been hastily fitted out, the total force being:—

	Number of Ships	Tonnage	Men
Her Majesty's Ships	34	12,915	6,264
Privateers with Sir F. Drake in the Westward	34	5,460	2,394
Fitted out by the City of London	29	5,680	2,140
Hired Vessels with Lord Howard	19	1,880	943
Hired Vessels with Lord Henry Seymour	23	2,248	1,093
Voluntary Ships (Privateers)	23	1,910	939
Victuallers, &c.	33	2,560	1,561
	195	34,453	15,334

A squadron of the privateers was commanded by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The approach of the Armada was, as has been said, reported to Howard at Plymouth on July 19th. He managed to work six of his ships out of harbour that night, and, on the following morning, his immediately available force was increased to thirty. That day the Armada passed Plymouth, going to the eastward; and Howard, after sending ashore a pressing demand for reinforcements, gave chase, having the advantage of the wind. The Spanish Fleet was formed in a crescent, the bows being turned up Channel; but it is not clear that this formation was otherwise than accidental. Indeed, the intended formation seems to have four columns line abreast; and the crescent shape of the line was probably due to the inferiority of sailing power of the heavy ships on either flank. And here it may be appropriate briefly to consider the condition of the Royal Navy in 1588. As regards seamen, we were, undoubtedly, better off than any other nation in the world. For years our men had been almost continuously engaged in semi-piratical expeditions against the Spaniards, both in America and in Europe. They possessed large experience, had a natural love for perilous enterprises, placed implicit confidence in their commanders, nearly, if not all, of whom were tried officers, and had practical reasons for knowing that a Spaniard at sea was not half so formidable an adversary as a Spaniard on land. As regards ships and guns, the country was also well off. The Royal Navy had recently been thoroughly overhauled and vastly improved by Hawkins, an officer who did more for the service than any other man before or since. The vessels

was to harass the foe by attacking stragglers, and, more especially, by, from time to time, running along the rear-line of the enemy, firing as he went, and then wearing round again and again, repeating the dose. These tactics obliged the Spaniards to keep together as much as possible; yet every assault threw them into confusion, since it involved for them the alternative of being raked, or of altering course in order to repel the attacks with their broad-side guns.

The first shot seems to have been fired on the 21st by an English pinnace, the *Defiance*, which was despatched by Howard "to denounce the Battell by shooting off some Peeeces." The Admiral himself followed in the *Ark*, accompanied by a few more ships, amongst which were the *Revenge*, *Victory*, and *Triumph*. He made a furious attack upon a large Spanish vessel, which he believed to be the flag-ship of the commander-in-chief, but which turned out to be Don Alonso da Leyva's ship. Don Alonso was succoured by the whole Spanish rear under Don Juan de Recalde, but he did not succeed in rejoining the Armada until he had been badly mauled; and it is probable that neither he nor de Recalde would have escaped had not the ammunition of the English, after only two hours' brisk action, been temporarily exhausted. That night, according to Carleton, the Spanish ship, *St. Catherine*, being "sore torne," was received "into the midst of the Navie to be mended." Nor was this the only misfortune. Don Miguel de Oquendo's flag-ship took fire, or, as some say, was set on fire by a dissatisfied Dutch gunner, and Don Pedro de Valdez's flag-ship, going to her assistance, ran foul of another vessel, and lost her bowsprit and foremast. Oquendo's fire was extinguished, but, owing to the sea which had got up in the afternoon, it was found impossible to take Don Pedro in tow, and he was left behind. Meanwhile Drake, with part of the English fleet, had gone off in chase of some suspicious sail which were sighted at sundown, Howard, with the *Ark*, *Bear*, and *Mary Rose* being left to follow the Spaniards during the night. Had Medina-Sidonia been aware how weak a force was pursuing him, he might have captured the English Commander-in-Chief. Ere Drake rejoined, he came across Valdez's unmanageable ship, took her, and sent her into Plymouth, where, in addition to large and very welcome stores of ammunition, she was found to contain 55,000 ducats. Several tons of the powder were immediately sent to Howard. At about the same time, Oquendo shifted his flag, and sent his half-burnt ship adrift. She was picked up and sent into Weymouth, further supplies of the all-needed powder being fortunately discovered in her hold. Drake did not rejoin Howard until the evening of the 22nd.

Next morning, at daybreak, the Spaniards, the wind being from the North, tacked about, with the object of bringing on an action; but Howard, contenting himself with a little light skirmishing, tacked also. For some hours both sides manœuvred for the weather-gage; and in the afternoon an engagement began, and continued with some fury till dusk. The *San Marco*, a ship of 792 tons, and the *Ark* had a long and almost independent fight; four of the London ships narrowly escaped capture; Recalde was almost taken; and one small English privateer, apparently the *Diana*, owned and commanded by Edward Cocke, or Cock, who fell on his own deck,

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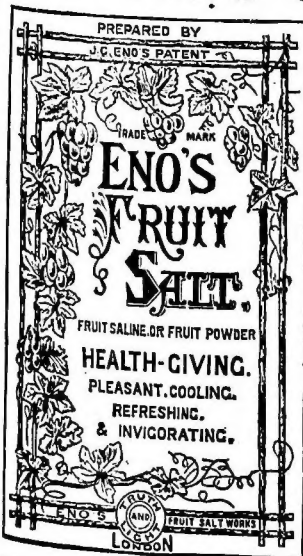


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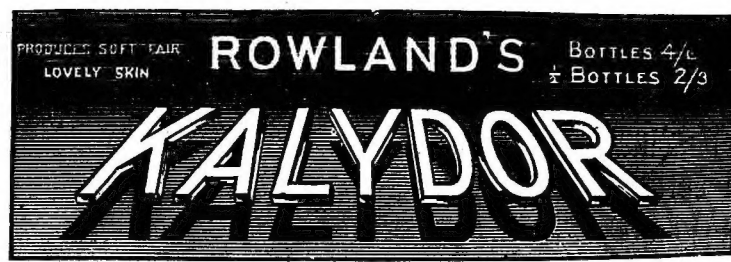


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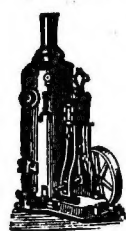
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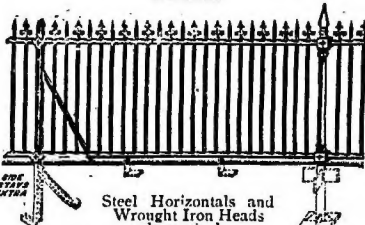
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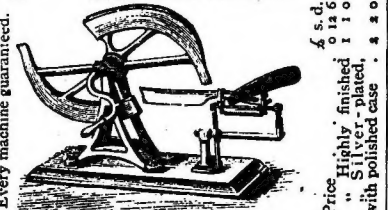
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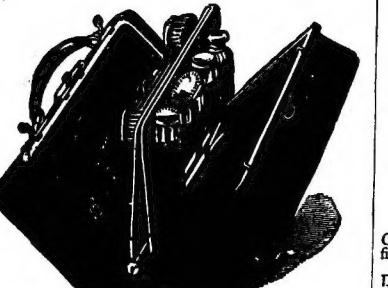
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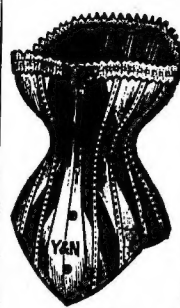
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